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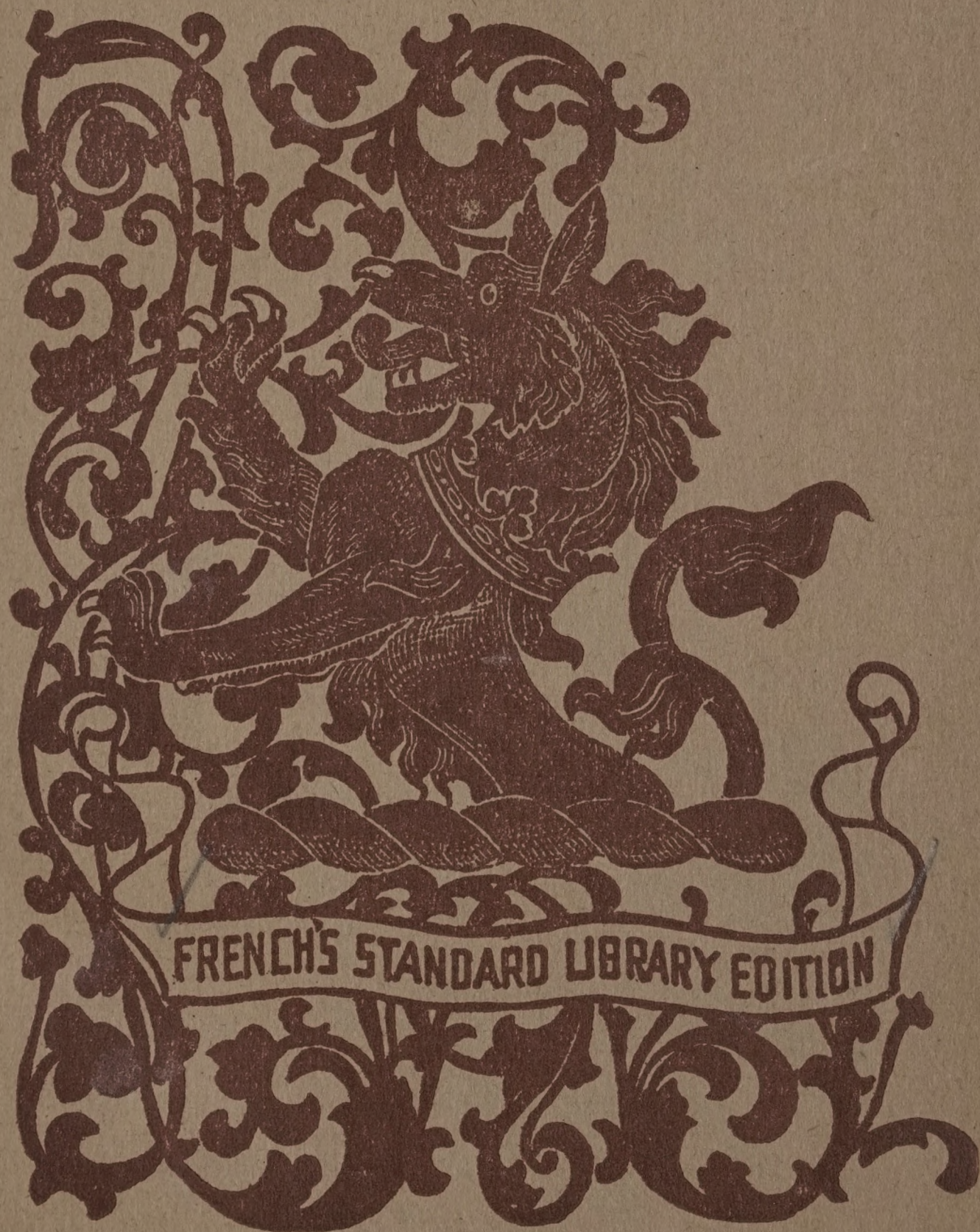
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GOLDEN DAYS

By SIDNEY TOLER and MARION SHORT



SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York

THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

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A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

GOLDEN DAYS

A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

BY

SIDNEY TOLER and MARION SHORT

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NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH, LTD.
26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

LLOYD HENDERSON
"TEDDY" FARNUM
WILLIAM BARCLAY
RICHARD STANHOPE
CHARLIE MASON
EDGAR MOON
FRANK MONTGOMERY
MRS. DREXEL KIRKLAND
ELAINE JEWETT
TRELLE WEBB
PATTY ELLISON
ANNABELLE LARSH
Of New York's social 400
FELICE, MRS. KIRKLAND'S *French maid*.
SARAH APPLGATE SLISSY
BETSY SCROGGINS
MRS. JOHN SIMMONDS
MARY ANNE SIMMONDS

NOTE.—The above cast may be shortened appreciably by distributing the lines assigned to the lesser characters of MOON, MONTGOMERY and ANNABELLE LARSH among the other members of the company.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Sitting room in the SIMMONDS' home, Farmdale, Conn.
Spring, 1917.
(The Bud.)

ACT II

Parlor of the new Farmdale Hotel, Farmdale.
Same evening.
(The Blossom)

ACT III

An upstairs sitting room in MRS. KIRKLAND'S home, New York.
Summer, 1917.
(The full blown Rose.)

ACT IV

Same as Act I.
Spring, 1919.
(The perfume of Romance.)

GOLDEN DAYS

SCENE: *Sitting-room of the SIMMONDS' home. The furniture is largely of the old-fashioned horse-hair variety, with mahogany tables, cabinets, etc. Family portraits in oval and other frames on the wall. An inherited assortment of bric-a-brac on the mantelpiece, c., also a clock and an old tobacco-Jar (opaque). The tobacco-jar is a relic of MR. SIMMONDS and is necessary to the action of the play. At extreme right stands an old melodeon. Against wall at L. a cabinet for silverware, etc. Old-fashioned oil lamps rest on both organ and cabinet. Mahogany tables have been carefully placed at R. and L. to receive emergency tea-room guests from the porch outside. The porch is visible through French windows (made in three sections) which round the corner of the room up L., and through these windows the sign "Tea Room" is visible on a post. On the porch may be glimpsed a rustic tea-table and chair. Above the organ at R. is a small stand containing telephone book with wall telephone close at hand. Oblique in R. is a door to kitchen quarters. Through this door when open a glimpse of practical stairway is seen. At L. double doors lead to hallway and front door (which is not seen). Armchairs are at R.*

of table at R. and at L. of table at L., with small chairs on inner side. On the tables are fancy covers. A small stand with flower-vase is up near mantel-piece. An old-fashioned piano stool stands in front of the organ, and one or two small chairs are conveniently placed. The whole effect of the room is tidy, but both wall-paper and furnishings are somewhat outworn, as is the carpet on the floor.

TIME: *The afternoon of a warm, sunny day in June, 1917.*

DISCOVERED: MRS. SIMMONDS, BETSY and MISS SLISSY. MRS. SIMMONDS and BETSY have their sleeves rolled up and are dusting the furniture and putting things to rights, MRS. SIMMONDS with great energy, BETSY lackadaisically. It is at once apparent that they are mistress and

MISS SLISSY, village milliner and dressmaker of uncertain years, occupies armchair at R., her sewing-bag on table at her side, a hat in her hands which she is trimming rather gaudily. Her dress expresses a somewhat ludicrous compromise between painstaking economy and a passion for the-fad-of-the-moment in style.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Continuing a conversation already begun*) Of course I'm tickled to death, but she gave me no warning at all, just telegraphed this morning she'd be here this afternoon. I'd calculated to house-clean a whole week before she came, so's everything would be spick and span.

MISS SLISSY. (*Fusses with needle and thread*) Dust is terrible this time of year, all owin' to them automobiles. No sooner does it settle from one than here comes another.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Nervously anxious to rid herself of Miss SLISSY*) I thought you said, Sairey, you could finish that hat in ten minutes. That must have been two hours ago. So you'll excuse me for goin' right ahead, 'won't you?

MISS SLISSY. (*Refusing to take a hint*) Certainly, don't mind me. I didn't s'pose I'd set the afternoon, but sometimes things take longer than you calculate they will, like this hat for Mary Anne. My, but it's cute! Sometimes I don't know which I'm best at, millinery or dressmakin'. Guess it must be six of one and half-dozen of the other. Now that chick dress I made over for the station agent's sister-in-law——

BETSY. (*Her speech is a drawl, and she smites lazily at furniture with a dust cloth*) How "made over"?

MISS SLISSY. (*Heedless of a nervous exclamation from MRS. SIMMONDS*) Well, I brought the full part to the top, and the waist-band narrow part down to the bottom to save material——

BETSY. Was it stylish?

MISS SLISSY. Stylish? The first time she tried to step onto a trolley car in it, three men almost got run over.

MRS. SIMMONDS. Betsy, stop talkin', now, and carry out that scrap-basket. (*Brings vase from small stand and sets it on table L.*) Miss Slissy, my sister'll be here most any time now.

MISS SLISSY. Well, you ain't askin' me to go home, be you?

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Weakening*) Of course not. (*Goes over to organ and dusts.*)

(BETSY exits R. with waste-basket.)

MISS SLISSY. I want to see what she's wear-

in'. In my business I have to keep up with the New York styles right along. (*Gazing at hat.*) There, that's finished. Where'd Mary Anne go?

MRS. SIMMONDS. She's gathering some lilacs for decoration. They're her aunt's favorite flower.

MISS SLISSY. 'Course it's natural to fix up for *rich* relatives.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Resents the idea*) We'd do it just the same if she didn't have a penny.

MISS SLISSY. Well, I ain't sayin' you wouldn't.

MRS. SIMMONDS. Mary Anne simply worships her Aunt Maria. Betsy! (*Crosses to c. Goes to door R.*) That's the laziest mortal that ever drew the breath of life. (*Calls again*) Betsy! (*She opens the door R.*) What do you mean by sitting there as if there was nothing to do but gaze at the woodshed?

BETSY. (*Lazily enters R.*) I wasn't gazing at the woodshed.

MRS. SIMMONDS. Then what *were* you looking at?

BETSY. The hired man.

MRS. SIMMONDS. What's the matter with *him*?

BETSY. He's got new boots.

MRS. SIMMONDS. I suppose if I told you to *dust* the hired man, for once in your life you'd stick to your work.

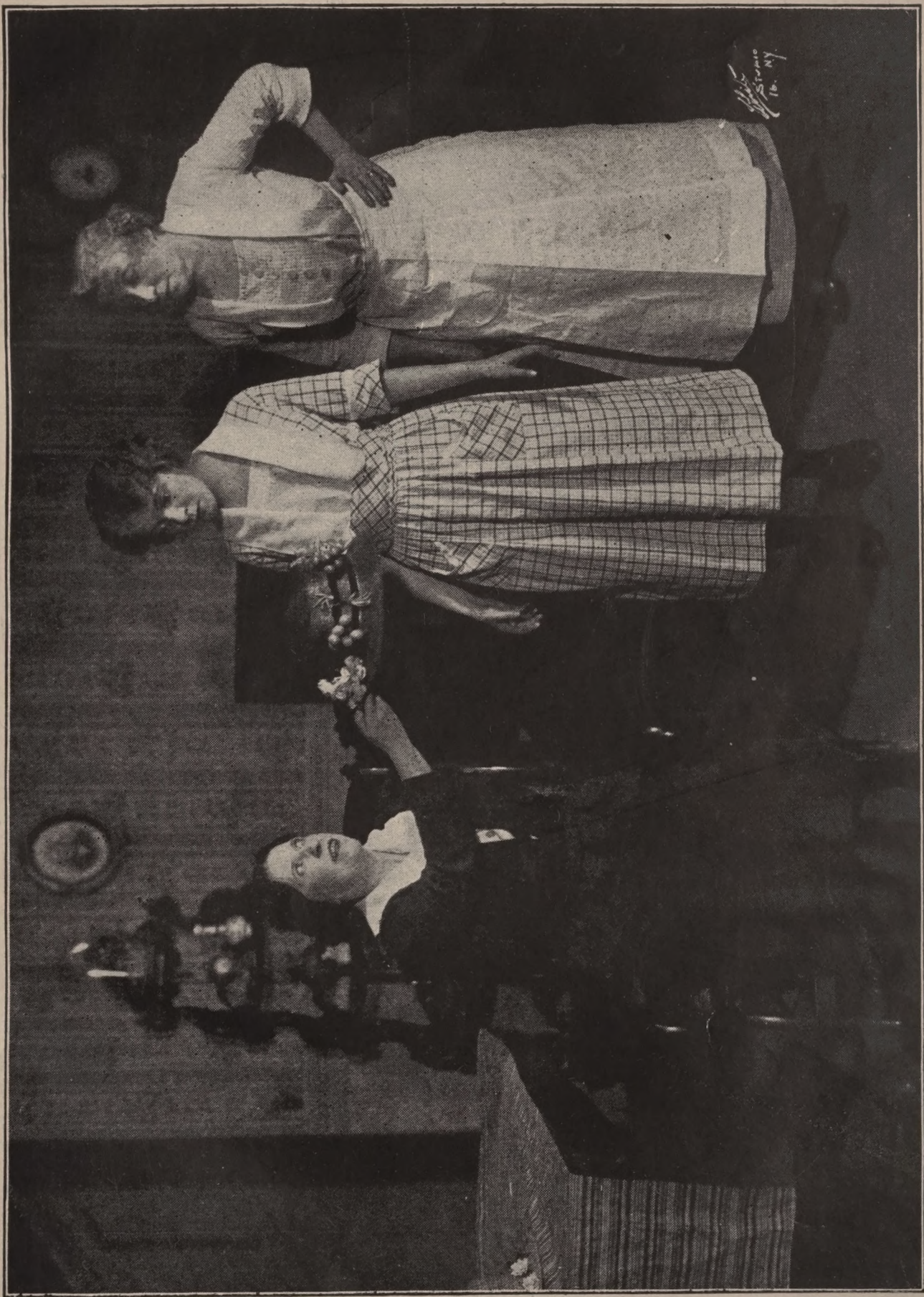
BETSY. Ye-yes-m!

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*To c.*) He's the only article you seem to be able to keep your mind on.

MISS SLISSY. Well, he is sort of good lookin', at a distance.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Dusting mantelpiece*) And the further the distance, the better looking he gets. (*To BETSY*) Wipe off that table! (*Points L.*)

(*BETSY barely stops at table, but goes on and wipes*



"GOLDEN DAYS"

the chair L. by window, her attention caught by something outside.)

MISS SLISSY. Have many customers to-day?

MRS. SIMMONDS. Some, but most of the trade comes Saturdays.

MISS SLISSY. How d'ye suppose your rich sister will take it, you runnin' a tea-shop? Most wealthy folks is kind of high and mighty.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Comes down to table L.*) Don't let that worry you, Miss Slissy. My sister's too fine a woman to have any false pride. (*She lets the remainder of her pique out on BETSY*) Land sakes, Betsy, don't keep on rubbin' as if that leg had a case of rheumatism. Change off to the back.

(BETSY slowly attacks back of chair, still gazing out of window.)

MISS SLISSY. Is she comin' for quite a stay?

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Dusting here and there*) Yes. She's tired and needs a rest.

MISS SLISSY. Shouldn't think *she'd* get tired—what with three hired girls. They say she don't even go to market herself.

BETSY. (*At window L.*) And she wears silk nightgowns, silk all over. I saw 'em once and felt 'em. They're nice and crawly to your fingers.

MISS SLISSY. Mercy me! Reminds me of caterpillars! (*Shudders.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Pointing to window curtains that have been knotted up to keep them out of the dust*) Betsy, let down them curtains, and dust off the mantel ornaments. They look like the dirt had been on 'em since Noah occupied the Ark.

(BETSY slowly lets down curtains, her attention outside.)

MISS SLISSY. Such Babylonian extravagance! Silk night gowns! I thought nobody but moving-picture actresses wore them things.

MRS. SIMMONDS. I'm sure a body could sleep just as well in silk ones as they could in the others.

MISS SLISSY. (*Virtuously*) I wear seersucker. They don't even have to be ironed.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Brings vase from mantel to table L.*) Well, it's *her* money and I guess she can do with it as she feels like. (*Notices BETSY at L., staring out of window.*) Betsy, what in the world are you starin' at?

BETSY. (*Turning regretfully from window*) The hired man.

MRS. SIMMONDS. Good land! Is the hired man on all sides of the house at once?

BETSY. (*Moves toward door L.*) Shall I go out and see?

MRS. SIMMONDS. No, you'll not. Come away from that door. (*To MISS SLISSY*) That girl's got no more sense of humor than a guinea hen. (*To BETSY*) Go out in the kitchen and scour up the pans I left in the sink; and if you find the hired man on that side of the house, ask him to take off his boots for you to put on the organ for an ornament to look at.

BETSY. (*With unusual alacrity*) Yes, um. (*Exits at R.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. I do believe she thought I meant it. She's got no more sense of humor than— (*Throws up her hands in despair.*)

(MARY ANNE *enters through window at L. She carries a huge armful of lilacs and comes back of table at L.*)

MARY ANNE. Here they are, Mother. I picked

the prettiest ones I could find. See, Miss Slissy?

MISS SLISSY. Umph hm. Here's your hat, and if I do say it myself, it's one of my swellest creations. (*She holds it up for inspection and MARY ANNE, laying most of the lilacs on table, crosses to her, looking at the hat doubtfully.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (L.C.) Don't you like it, Mary Anne?

MARY ANNE. Y-es. (*Holds hat out and regards it critically*) But isn't it just a little—enthusiastic?

MISS SLISSY. Variety of flowers and fruits is all the style—the gayer the stylisher. And it just matches your new dress. You're going to look grand in it at the party to-night.

MARY ANNE. (*Trying to like the hat*) Which is the front?

MISS SLISSY. It's reversible—that's the latest. Comin' or goin', you'll look just the same. Try it on.

(MARY ANNE lifts hat almost to her head, then her courage fails.)

MARY ANNE. I'll try it on when I'm dressed. Won't you have a posy?

MISS SLISSY. (*Accepts the spray of lilacs MARY ANNE offers*) Much obliged. They say flowers bring out your complexion if you have any, and I always did pride myself on having considerable.

MARY ANNE. (*Putting lilacs in vases on table at L.*) Dear Aunt Maria! I can hardly realize that in a few minutes she'll be here, right in this room with us!

MISS SLISSY. Well, goodness knows I should think your ma would, after all the fussin' around she's been doin'.

MRS. SIMMONDS. Do you suppose she'll come in her automobile, Mary Anne?

MARY ANNE. I hope so. I'd just adore riding around in it.

MISS SLISSY. (*Slowly putting thread, etc., back into sewing-bag*) There's a whole crowd of city folks expected at the hotel to the dance to-night. Billy Barclay is bringing some of 'em in his motor car.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Snaps, turning on MISS SLISSY*) Yes, Miss Slissy, we knew it.

MISS SLISSY. And that Miss Elaine Jewett who was here two summers ago—she's with 'em.

MARY ANNE. (*To R.C.*) Elaine?

(MRS. SIMMONDS *glances at MARY ANNE apprehensively.*)

MISS SLISSY. Yes. She and her folks are going to live right in the Barclay cottage cause Mr. and Mrs. Barclay ain't comin' down this summer. They say young Billy's just crazy about Elaine.

MARY ANNE. Honestly, Miss Slissy, I'm not a bit interested in the Barclays or the Jewetts.

MISS SLISSY. Well, I'm surprised! Rememberin' Billy used to be kind of *sweet* on you, Mary Anne, I thought maybe you'd like to know what's been——

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Indignantly, down c.*) That's been more than a year ago, Sairy Applegate Slissy, and neither me nor Mary Anne is caring to have you talk about it. (*Takes vase of lilacs from MARY ANNE, placing it on mantel.*)

MARY ANNE. (*Proudly*) Miss Slissy may talk all she likes, Mother, as far as I'm concerned; why shouldn't she?

MISS SLISSY. Why, Mrs. Simmonds, you sur-

prise me. Flyin' off the handle like that! You ain't got nothin' serious against Billy Barclay, have you?

MRS. SIMMONDS. (C. *Her voice trembling*)
Nothing except——

MARY ANNE. (*Warningly*) Mother!

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Impulse overcoming her*)
Except I don't think he's quite as honorable as some young men I've known. (*Works down to c.*)
There, I will say that much, Mary Anne, even though I do know Miss Slissy'll be sure to repeat it. (*Moves to L.*)

MISS SLISSY. Not honorable? Um!

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Dusting furiously at cabinet, extreme L.*) Dear me, I'd like to get rid of this dust, and—some other things I could mention.

MISS SLISSY. I can remember that barn dance at the Hillsby's, and Mary Anne wearing that pretty white and blue dress I made for her. Billy danced with her the whole evening and all the other girls settin' around so jealous they almost had a fit. (*She pauses to see the effect of her words.*) He wasn't here last summer at all, was he?

MARY ANNE. (*With dignity*) No, he wasn't, Miss Slissy.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Bursting with indignation*)
And it's nothin' against Mary Anne if he wasn't.

MISS SLISSY. Course not. I don't mean no offense. We oughtn't to take rich young fellows too serious. Elaine Jewett engaged me by letter to do some sewin' for her, beginnin' to-morrow.

MARY ANNE. Indeed!

MISS SLISSY. Shouldn't wonder, considerin' the way they say she and Billy Barclay have been carryin' on in New York last winter, it might be the weddin' trousoo. And that's where I shine. (MARY ANNE takes vase to L., small table in window. MISS

SLISSY, *rising, to MRS. SIMMONDS*) Seems to me Mary Anne's lookin' kind of droopy.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Snaps*) No one else thinks so.

MISS SLISSY. (*A step up stage c., to MARY ANNE*) Get yourself *another beau*, Mary Anne. Ain't nothing like it to chirk you up.

MARY ANNE. I don't need chirking up, Miss Slissy, thank you! (*MISS SLISSY picks up work-bag and puts on her hat. The others show visible signs of relief.*)

MISS SLISSY. Oh, ain't got no tea ready made, have you? I don't mind if it's stood awhile.

MRS. SIMMONDS. As I said before, we're expectin' my sister any minute now, and——

MISS SLISSY. Oh, well, don't bother. (*MARY ANNE takes vase of lilacs over across to organ above the others.*) But seein' that you'd opened a tea shop I was just going to patronise you some. (*Arranges hat-pin.*) I'll drop around in a few days and call on your sister if I get time from the sewin'.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*C.*) Don't interrupt yourself to do it, Sairey. It'll no doubt take most of your time, if it's a weddin'!

MARY ANNE. (*R. corner*) Mother!

READY pounding effect, and horn.

MISS SLISSY. (*To MARY ANNE*) If it wasn't that your ma's run down and nervous, I'd think she was takin' that weddin' to heart some.

MRS. SIMMONDS. Well, let me tell you this, Miss Slissy, if any man on earth thinks he's too good for my Mary Anne——

MARY ANNE. (*Desperately*) Mother, please!

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*To R.C.*) Excuse me, Mary Anne. I'm goin' out now and make some beat biscuits for dinner, so if you hear me *hammerin'*, you'll

know what it is. (*Up to door R. She glares at MISS SLISSY.*) Good afternoon, Miss Slissy. (*She exits off R.*)

MISS SLISSY. (*Moving up R., around table and to MARY C.*) Dear me! Don't she get fussy over nothin'? Well—if it is Miss Jewett's weddin' things, Mary Anne, I'll let you look at them on the Q.T.

MARY ANNE. (*A break in her voice*) I—I told you once I'm not interested in Miss Jewett. (*Crosses up C. to mantel.*)

MISS SLISSY. (*Up R. of MARY*) Well, you and your ma needn't act so high and mighty even though you have got a rich relation comin' to visit you.

MARY ANNE. (*On verge of tears, C., by mantel*) Have you—been paid for the—hat?

MISS SIMMONDS. Yes, I have, and though I do say it myself, I think \$4.75 is little enough to charge for such an unusual creation as that is! (*She exits L.*) MARY ANNE stands C. by fireplace, dejected.)

(*BETSY enters through door R. She has the hired man's new boots in her hand. She carries them over and carefully places them on the organ R. Laughs sentimentally, then turns and sees MARY ANNE.*)

MARY ANNE. What is it, Betsy?

BETSY. Ain't you feelin' good, Mary Anne?

POUNDING.

MARY ANNE. (*Tries to smile*) Just a little tired, I think.

(*From kitchen off R. comes the sound of pounding.*)

BETSY listens, then goes to door R. and looks off.)

BETSY. Your ma's whoppin' mad about some-thin' an' she's takin' it out on the dough. (*A motor horn is heard off L.*) Maybe that's your aunt now.

MARY ANNE. (*Goes to window L.*) Yes, I'm sure it is. It's Aunt Maria. Tell mother, Betsy!

BETSY. Yes, m. (*Calls*) Mrs. Simmonds! Here's the automobile. It's your sister! (*Exits off R.*)

(*MARY ANNE stands at the door a moment, then waves her hand to the car, which comes nearer, then she runs across the porch and exits L. MRS. SIMMONDS comes in R. with BETSY. She wipes flour off hands on her apron.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. Land sakes, and me all over flour! Run out and help her with the things, Betsy. (*Gives BETSY a gentle shove toward the window L. and follows, dusting herself.*) Hurry, girl! Don't be slow! Hurry!

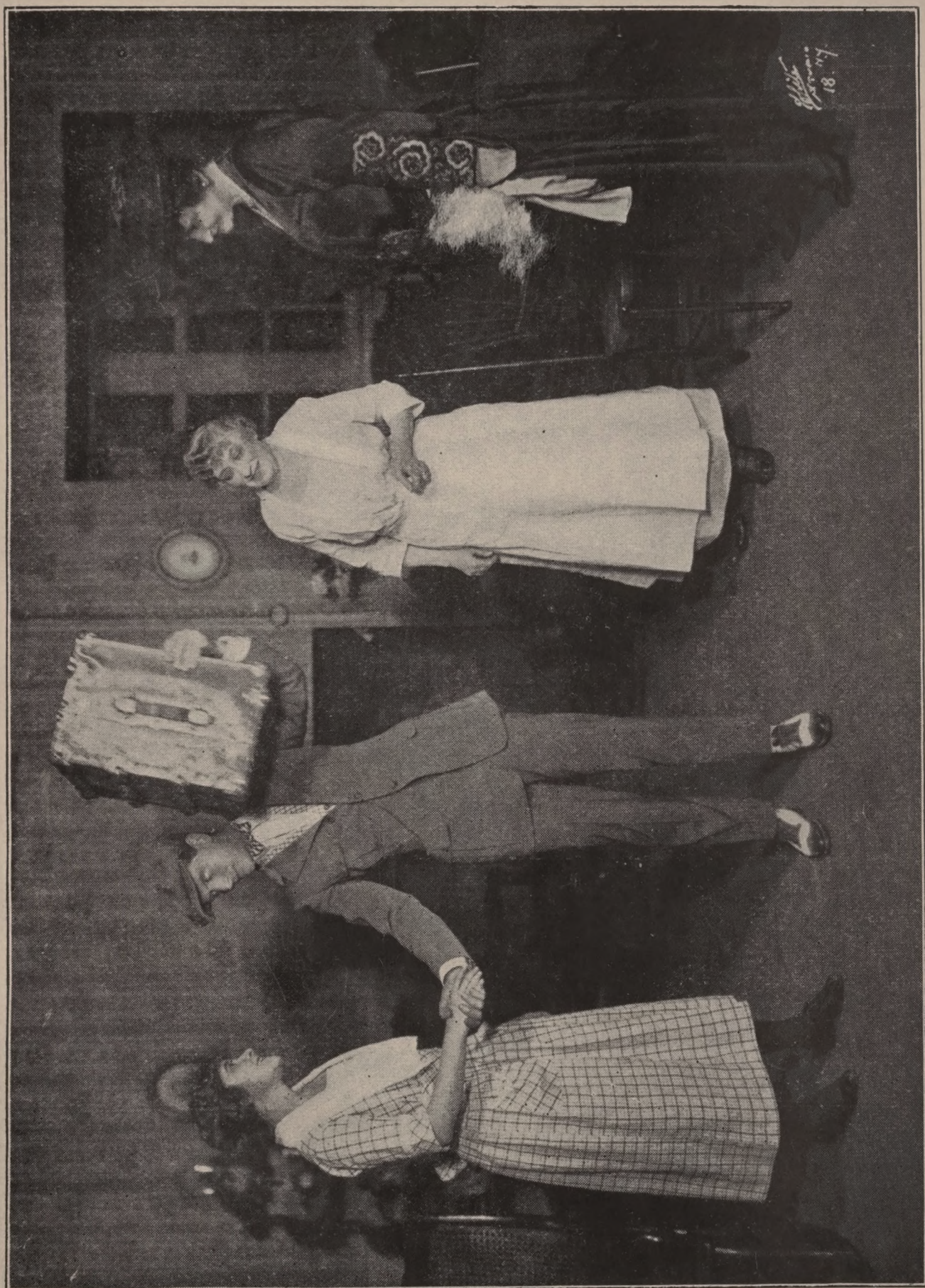
(*BETSY exits window L., followed by MRS. SIMMONDS. Outside MARY ANNE is heard in greeting.*)

MARY ANNE. Aunt Maria! Oh, I'm so glad to see you!

MRS. KIRKLAND. And I you, my dear!

(*There are other ad lib. greetings from MRS. SIMMONDS. MARY ANNE and MRS. KIRKLAND enter L. and go R. MRS. SIMMONDS follows.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. Land sakes, Maria, you grow younger every time I see you. Make yourself right at home. I'll have everything brought in. (*Calls out L. as she stands at the window*) Betsy, bring



"GOLDEN DAYS"

See page 19

those things into the house. .(*Turns to her sister*)
You don't know how we've looked forward to your
comin'!

(*BETSY enters L. with golf-bag and hand-bags.*
FELICE, MRS. KIRKLAND'S maid, follows with
shawl-strap.)

MRS. SIMMONDS. Betsy, help Mrs. Kirkland with
her grips. How do you do, Felice?

(*MARY ANNE has taken her aunt's coat and now*
hands it to BETSY as she comes over above c.)

FELICE. (*To MRS. SIMMONDS*) Well, thank you,
Madame.

MRS. SIMMONDS. Betsy, show Felice where the
rooms are and where to put their things.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Just the same sweet Mary
Anne, only sweeter.

MRS. SIMMONDS. There, Maria, beginnin' to spoil
her before you're here two seconds!

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Has observed the flowers*
about the room; now goes to the organ R. and
touches the lilacs.) For me, Mary Anne?

MARY ANNE. (*At R.C.*) You see I remembered.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Smells them*) Um . . . the
dear old-fashioned things! (*BETSY and FELICE go*
to c. Sees the boots and picks them up, laughing.)
What are they, Amanda? Antiques?

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Following her gaze, crosses*
to MRS. KIRKLAND and takes the boots up to BETSY.)
Land sakes! if that girl didn't literally take me at
my word. Betsy, has the hired man gone down to
the pasture without his boots? (*Over to BETSY.*)

(*MRS. KIRKLAND goes to MARY ANNE. Both stand*
up L.C., watching MRS. SIMMONDS and BETSY.)

BETSY. Well, you told me——

MRS. SIMMONDS. Never mind what I told you. Maybe he isn't gone yet. Take 'em out to him—he might run a thorn in his foot and get lockjaw.

BETSY. I think he's already got it.

TRUNK ready L.

(BETSY takes the boots tenderly and exits R. with FELICE. MRS. SIMMONDS goes down R.)

MRS. KIRKLAND. *(Sits L. of table R.C.)* Well, thank goodness, I'm here! And now for a rest and a little real country life. Sometimes I envy you, Amanda. *(MARY ANNE sits on arm of MRS. KIRKLAND'S chair.)*

MRS. SIMMONDS. You wouldn't long, when you'd see all the work that's to be done.

MRS. KIRKLAND. What's the explanation of all those tables on the porch? An outdoor church supper?

MARY ANNE. Why, Auntie, didn't you see the sign, "Tea Room," on the post?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Tea Room? Why, you don't mean to say, Amanda——

MRS. SIMMONDS. Well, so many automobile tourists got in the habit of askin' for one thing and another—we thought we might as well——

MRS. KIRKLAND. Amanda, I'm ashamed of you. Here I am with all my money and not a chick nor a child! If it weren't for that old-fashioned pride of yours——

MRS. SIMMONDS. Land sakes, can't a body——

MARY ANNE. Oh, it's lots of fun, Auntie.

(There is a sound off L. as of a trunk being dumped on the porch.)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Looking L.*) What's that?

MARY ANNE. (*Moves up, looking off L.*) It's your trunk, Auntie. Your chauffeur just brought it onto the porch.

MRS. KIRKLAND. My what?

(*MRS. SIMMONDS crosses at back of table L.*)

MARY ANNE. Your chauffeur.

MRS. KIRKLAND. My chauffeur! (*Laughs. MARY ANNE returns to c.*) Good heavens, I'd almost forgotten him! (*She rises and calls off L. humorously*) Oh! Bring it in here, Watkins. (*RICHARD STANHOPE, son of one of New York's multi-millionaires, a tall, athletic youth with a wonderful sense of humor, a quality which MRS. KIRKLAND admires and shares with him, enters the room through door L. with the auto trunk on his shoulders.*) Place it there, Watkins.

DICK. (*Mystified*) What's the "Watkins" idea?

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*To MRS. SIMMONDS*) Amanda, this is Watkins, my chauffeur. (*She laughs again heartily. DICK grins.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Looks at him critically*) Pretty well dressed for a chauffeur.

MARY ANNE. (*Pause, a trifle embarrassed*) Auntie, you're joking. He isn't your chauffeur.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Laughs*) This is Richard Stanhope, of New York—(*He shakes hands with MARY ANNE*)—who picked me up about twenty miles from here when I got stuck in a frost hole. (*DICK puts trunk down.Laughs.*) This hero brought us bag and baggage into town. This is my sister, Mrs. Simmonds—

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Crosses to c.*) I'm pleased to meet you. (*DICK shakes hands.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. And my niece, Mary Anne.

DICK. (*Rather diffidently*) Yes—we have——

MRS. SIMMONDS. I was going to tell you to take the trunk upstairs, but now I'll wait till the hired man comes back.

DICK. Hired man? Why, he can't touch me as a baggage-smasher. I could wreck all four corners at once. (*He picks up trunk and swings it to his shoulder.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Laughing*) Well, seeing that you're bent on it. Mary Anne, show Mr. Stanhope the front room.

(MARY ANNE goes over to R. entrance, followed by DICK.)

MARY ANNE. (*To DICK*) Funny—my calling you a chauffeur!

DICK. Oh, that's all right. I've been called lots worse names than that.

(MARY ANNE smiles and holds the door open R. They exit.)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*To R. of table R.*) He seems a nice boy.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Laughing. Crosses to table R.*) Just as nice as though his father weren't worth millions and millions!

MRS. SIMMONDS. Is he with that crowd that are giving the dance at the hotel to-night?

MRS. KIRKLAND. I think he did speak about it.

MRS. SIMMONDS. They advertise the new hotel as "the last word in sumptuousness."

MRS. KIRKLAND. Farmdale needed to improve on the old one. (*Crosses to R., sitting L. of table.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Sitting R. of table*) It's Jim

Barclay's money that built it. You remember the Barclays, don't you?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Oh, yes. The Barclays have made a *lot* of money in munitions and shipping in the past two years. Farmdale is a little too small for them now, I understand.

MRS. SIMMONDS. Yes, and there's an old sayin' that some folks can't stand prosperity.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Has it affected them much?

(Enter MARY ANNE and DICK R.)

MRS. SIMMONDS. Some. Especially their son.

DICK. (C. MARY ANNE at table L. To MRS. KIRKLAND) Any further orders, ma'am?

MRS. KIRKLAND. *(Laughing)* No, I think that will be all. Dickie, you're a darling! Are you going back to-night?

DICK. No, not to-night. There's a little dance on at the hotel and Billy's brought a crowd out from town.

MRS. SIMMONDS. Yes, so we heard.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Thank you, Dickie.

DICK. Not at all. *(With dignity.)* I'm very glad to have met you, Mrs. Simmonds, and—*(A resumption of the boyish manner)*—and you, too. *(This last to MARY ANNE. DICK crosses and exits off L.)*

MRS. SIMMONDS. *(To c.)* There, I might have asked him to have a cup of tea!

MARY ANNE. Oh, dear, why didn't you? *(To window.)*

MRS. KIRKLAND. Well, I'll have some, Amanda.

MRS. SIMMONDS. *(To entrance R. 3)* I can have it ready in a minute.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Not here. *(Rises. MARY ANNE*

goes to AUNT KIRKLAND) Let's go out in the kitchen and I'll help make it.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*As they all move to R.*) Now, Maria, you never will let me wait on you.

MRS. KIRKLAND. No, and never will. I'm here to wait on myself. (*Exit MRS. SIMMONDS.*) Come on, Mary Anne. It was sweet of you to pick all these lilacs for me, and I love them.

MARY ANNE. (*As they walk to door R.*) The yard's just full of them, Auntie. Wait till you see, and a fine bed of tulips—and the nasturtiums are coming along, too; they'll be blooming in another week. (*They exit R., closing the door.*)

(*After a brief pause TRELLA WEBB enters the window L. She comes into the room, looking about curiously. ELAINE JEWETT follows, looking back. They are both ultra fashionable girls, about 17 and 18.*)

TRELLA. I'm perishing for a cup of tea.

ELAINE. (*At window*) I wonder who that boy was? Looked a little like Dickie Stanhope.

TRELLA. (*Goes to C.*) Well, he's coming to the dance, you know.

ELAINE. But what's he doing here?

TRELLA. I don't know. It says "Tea Room" on the sign post out there. (*Looks around.*) Doesn't seem to be any one around.

ELAINE. Isn't there a bell or anything? (*Crosses to R.*)

TRELLA. Maybe this is it. (*Pulls an old-fashioned bell-cord at L. of the fireplace and goes down L.*)

ELAINE. (*Goes R. of C.*) I wonder if this is the girl.

TRELLA. This is where Billy said she lived.

ELAINE. (*C.*) I feel almost silly coming here

like this, but I've been crazy to see what she looked like. Of course I'm not jealous, but——

TRELLA. Well, I should say not. Billy's taken you to every dance for the last year. You should worry!

(MARY ANNE *enters R.*)

MARY ANNE. I beg your pardon. The tables are on the porch.

ELAINE. Goodness, it's the little girl I met two summers ago. Please excuse us for walking in like this, but the sign said, "Tea Room," and——

MARY ANNE. Oh, that's all right. How do you do? I——

ELAINE. Can you bring us some tea?

MARY ANNE. I'll call Betsy. (*Sees her hat on the table R. and takes it up.*)

ELAINE. Well, please come back yourself. I'd like to speak with you.

MARY ANNE. Me? (*Pauses a moment in surprise.*) Oh, yes, certainly. (*She exits R.*)

TRELLA. She's rather pretty.

ELAINE. (*Goes C.*) In her *simple* way, yes. Let me talk to her alone, will you?

TRELLA. (*Eagerly*) What are you going to say?

ELAINE. I want to find out for sure about Billy.

TRELLA. Now, Elaine, you don't really think he'd prefer——

ELAINE. Then what's he coming to this house for?

TRELLA. He used to live in Farmdale. They went to school together. Naturally he must say how do you do to some of his old friends.

ELAINE. He doesn't speak of her like that, though. She was more than a friend. She was——

(MARY ANNE *enters* R.)

MARY ANNE. Tea will be here in a moment.

ELAINE. Thank you. I have forgotten your name. I meet so many people, Miss—Miss——

MARY ANNE. (*Almost comically formal*) Mary Anne Simmonds.

(TRELLA *snickers* out loud and to cover it moves down L. towards the window.)

ELAINE. Trella, that hammock looks comfortable and cozy, till tea is ready. Suppose you try it. (TRELLA *exits* L., *smiling*. ELAINE *turns* to MARY ANNE) Come and sit down. I want to ask you something.

(MARY ANNE *goes* and sits L. with ELAINE. ELAINE *is* beautifully gowned in marked contrast to MARY ANNE.)

MARY ANNE. (R. of table L. *With dignity*) Well, what was it you wanted to ask me, Miss Jewett?

ELAINE. (L. of table L.) Mm—you remembered my name?

MARY ANNE. It hasn't been so long since you were here, and then I've heard your name quite often since.

ELAINE. Since when?

MARY ANNE. Since I heard you were coming to spend the summer in the Barclay cottage.

ELAINE. (*Carelessly*) Oh, that's right! That's just what I wanted to inquire about. You—*know* Billy Barclay, don't you?

MARY ANNE. Yes—of course. We used to go to school together. I've known him all my life.

ELAINE. How interesting! Somehow I imagined you were just the one who could tell me the things I've wondered about, and sure enough you are! (*Takes vanity bag off her wrist, looks in mirror, and starts to powder her nose.*) Wasn't there some little country girl around here Billy *thought* he was in love with?

MARY ANNE. (*A little coldly*) Why do you wish to know that, Miss Jewett?

ELAINE. Well, naturally, before a girl makes up her mind to accept a young man—— (*Shrugs.*)

MARY ANNE. (*In low voice*) Oh, I understand! Yes, I believe there was—a girl.

ELAINE. A girl who thought he was fond of her?

MARY ANNE. Yes, who thought he was fond of her; but she knows better now. She hasn't any hold on him. There'll never be any reproaches. That's what you wanted to feel sure of, isn't it?

ELAINE. Of course. I'm awfully curious about her, somehow. You must have known her—what kind of a girl was she?

MARY ANNE. (*With dignity*) She was just like other girls.

ELAINE. And I suppose she believed every word he said to her—poor little thing!

MARY ANNE. She *did* believe every word—as if it were the gospel truth, but she's *not* a poor little thing. And she's much too sensible to let *any* boy make her unhappy.

ELAINE. Do tell me what became of her.

MARY ANNE. Why—nothing. She's living right near here and she's—perfectly happy.

ELAINE. Oh, come now! A boy with Billy's money isn't picked up every day.

MARY ANNE. She never thought of his money, not once. Besides, when they were engaged, he didn't have a penny, he——

ELAINE. Oh, but why should you get excited over it?

MARY ANNE. (*Trying to regain her poise*) It—it's natural. She was quite a good friend of mine.

ELAINE. Was she?

MARY ANNE. (*Looking for a chance to escape, rises*) Yes, I'll hurry Betsy with the tea.

ELAINE. Make it for three. Billy Barclay is going to join us here in a few minutes. (*Face to audience.*)

MARY ANNE. (*Joyfully*) Coming here? Billy?

ELAINE. Yes. You have no objections, I hope?
READY horn.

MARY ANNE. Why—yes—no—why should I? Of course not. (*Exits R.*)

(*ELAINE rises. TRELLA enters from L. upper window.*)

TRELLA. Well?

ELAINE. (*Whispering*) She's the one, all right. And he called her a rose!

TRELLA. Tea rose, he must have meant. (*TRELLA laughs loudly. BETSY enters with tea-tray, service for three and biscuits. TRELLA looks at her L.*) Goodness! What's this?

BETSY. (c.) Tea.

ELAINE. (*Steps up stage. Points R.*) Serve it there.

BETSY. Ain't going to have it in here, are you?

ELAINE. Why not?

BETSY. Cause the tea tables is all on the porch.

ELAINE. (*At mantel*) But we prefer it here. (*They pause, looking at each other. TRELLA goes R. to mantel. BETSY to table R.*)

BETSY. (*After a pause*) Going to eat it standin' up or sittin' down?

TRELLA. (*Laughs*) Isn't she funny? (*Crosses and sits R. of table R.*)

HORN.

BETSY. *He* drinks tea when there ain't any coffee.

TRELLA. He? Who?

BETSY. The hired man.

ELAINE. (*Crosses to window L. to TRELLA*) I think he's coming.

BETSY. No'm, he ain't. He's down to the pasture.

ELAINE. Who? (*Coming back to table*) What in the world is the girl talking about?

BETSY. I thought *you* was talkin' about the hired man. (*ELAINE sits. BETSY works above table.*)

ELAINE. I haven't the honor of any hired man's acquaintance.

BETSY. He'd just as soon be introduced.

ELAINE. Good heavens! (*TRELLA laughs at BETSY's advances.*)

BETSY. Mary Anne told me to ask you if there was anything else you wanted.

ELAINE. (*L. of table R.*) No, thank you. (*Pours tea. ELAINE thinks she will get rid of her.*) You'd better go back to the kitchen. I think I smell something burning.

BETSY. Mebbe it's that cake I'm bakin' for dinner. (*To R. to door slowly.*) Ain't that too bad, after all my work? What's the use of bakin' and bakin'—— (*BETSY exits R.*)

TRELLA. Isn't she a joke? (*Looks at food.*) But I must say these biscuits look good.

(*LLOYD enters L.*)

LLOYD. (*Calling off L.*) Come on, Billy, here they are!

TRELLA. (*Playfully*) You are just in time, but not expected.

(BARCLAY *enters* L.)

LLOYD. (*Back of the table R., goes to organ stool R. Sits*) Awfully far up here.

ELAINE. We have only three cups.

BILLY. (*To c.*) I don't want any.

LLOYD. Well, I do. Tea's kind of stimulating, isn't it?

BILLY. (*To the girls*) See Mary Anne yet?

ELAINE. She was here a while ago.

BILLY. Did you tell her I was coming?

ELAINE. Yes, and she ran away.

BILLY. Ran away? What for? (ELAINE *shrugs as if puzzled.*)

LLOYD. Maybe she heard that necktie coming, Billy. (*The girls laugh.*)

BILLY. Hum! It will seem a little strange to meet her again. (*He goes up and pulls bell-cord L. of fireplace. TRELLA takes her cup of tea and crosses to L. of table L. and sits.*)

ELAINE. Oh, you really expect to meet her? You meant it?

BILLY. Naturally, of course. Why? Doesn't she want to see me?

ELAINE. (*Shrugs her shoulders*) She didn't say.

BILLY. (*Walking about at back*) The old house looks just the same. There's the old fireplace and the organ. (*He works around easily up and down c. ad lib.*)

LLOYD. The country kind. Two teeth out and a squeak, I'll bet! (*He is sitting on organ stool R.*)

ELAINE. (*To BILLY, laughing sarcastically*) Where she used to sing "Sweet Genevieve."

TRELLA. (*Laughing*) No. (*Sings*) "Where is

my wand'ring boy to-night? (*All look at BILLY and laugh.*)

BILLY. Aw, cut it out! If you want to know just what it was—— (*Crosses to c.*) It was "In the gloaming," and Mary Anne could sing it, too.

ELAINE. (*Coldly*) I suppose so!

TRELLA. Can she play the ukulele?

BILLY. Couldn't *then*. What's the difference?

LLOYD. (*Down R.*) Is she pretty?

BILLY. She used to be—eyes like violets.

ELAINE. (*Pettishly*) If you want to see the violet eyes again, you'll probably find them in the kitchen, gazing into the flour-bin. (*Others laugh.*)

BILLY. Well, we used to have some good times in that old kitchen, making fudge and——

LLOYD. Oh! Fudge! (*The girls laugh.*)

BILLY. Oh, stop kidding. (*Looks about.*) It's the real country out here, isn't it?

(*The general idea of this scene is that the boys and girls "kid" BILLY so much that he loses his nerve and when he meets MARY ANNE a little later is more than embarrassed.*)

LLOYD. I should say so. Even now I can smell the sweet breath of the new-mown potatoes.

TRELLA. (*C.L.*) Methinks I hear the mosquitoes crowing.

BILLY. Stop your kidding!

(*BETSY opens the door R.*)

BETSY. Yes, sir.

BILLY. Mary Anne at home?

BETSY. (*Lazily*) Yes, she's puttin' on her new dress.

(TRELLA and ELAINE giggle at this information.)

BILLY. Tell her to come down as soon as she can.

BETSY. Yes, sir. (*She exits R.*)

(BILLY comes down.)

ELAINE. (*Uppishly*) All in your honor.

(LLOYD pays check on table R. and goes L. up.)

BILLY. What?

ELAINE. The change of costume.

BILLY. Absurd! I wish she'd hurry up. I'm late about it now.

ELAINE. "Late?" What are you going to do?

BILLY. Ask her to come to the party to-night.

ELAINE. With us?

BILLY. Of course.

ELAINE. You're crazy.

(TRELLA rises L. Leaves her cup on the table L.)

BILLY. Why so?

ELAINE. Why, she—she simply doesn't belong. I'm sure I can't be friends with a girl like that—as if she were one of us.

BILLY. "One of us"? I'll be blessed if I know what you're driving at, Elaine.

ELAINE. Why, she's waiting on the table here!

BILLY. (*Looks around*) Why, what is this?

TRELLA. (*To C.*) They're running a tea shop—

BILLY. Are they? Well——

ELAINE. Don't be silly. It's out of the question.

TRELLA. She's a "Jay," my boy. Wait till you see her again. (TRELLA goes up L. to LLOYD. They look at the relics in cabinet L. and laugh.)

BILLY. Why, she used to be a peach!

ELAINE. (*Delivering an ultimatum*) Well, if she goes, I don't. (*Rises and goes L.*)

BILLY. Aw—wait! Elaine! (*Crosses to L.*) If you think I'd better not, of course I——

ELAINE. Why, it's only for her own good! The poor thing wears the most atrocious dresses. She'd feel awfully out of place.

BILLY. Well, if you really think so——

(*The door R. opens and MARY ANNE appears in her new dress, which is a trifle country, though not exaggerated, and with the terrible SLISSY millinery creation on her head.*)

MARY ANNE. Oh, I thought the others had—I didn't mean to keep you waiting.

BILLY. (*Going to her awkwardly, afraid of the others*) Hello, Mary Anne! (*Shakes hands. BILLY and MARY ANNE stand at C., the others grouped down L.*)

MARY ANNE. (*Shyly*) I was afraid you had forgotten me—Mr. Barclay.

BILLY. (*Stammers*) Well, hardly——

TRELLA. (*Aside to ELAINE*) Isn't that dress the funniest——

ELAINE. (*Giggling with her*) Sh!——

(*BILLY looks around at them, annoyed.*)

BILLY. (*To MARY ANNE, embarrassed*) Er—how is your mother? (*He is glad to see MARY ANNE in spite of himself.*)

MARY ANNE. My mother? (*Not knowing exactly what she is saying.*) She's all right—how's yours—and everything?

BILLY. Fine!

TRELLA. (*To ELAINE, aside*) Did you ever see such a hat? (*ELAINE motions her to be silent.*)

BILLY. (*Confused, turns, looking at the others, then back to MARY ANNE. His embarrassment is growing.*) The old place looks just the same as it always did.

MARY ANNE. Yes, just the same.

BILLY. Do the Westgates still live across the street?

MARY ANNE. (*With animation*) Yes. Charlie Westgate's accepted a position with his uncle in Bridgeport, Edna's still here. One of the twins has had the measles—— (*TRELLA giggles. MARY ANNE gives slight start and looks at her.*) But they—he—she, I mean, is better now.

(*TRELLA and LLOYD suppress laughter. MARY ANNE stares across at them. She is beginning to feel that they are guying her.*)

BILLY. (*Frowns at the others*) Seems awfully good to see you again, Mary Anne.

MARY ANNE. (*Happily, her mind on BILLY again*) Yes, doesn't it?

BILLY. What's become of your friend, Fanny Merton?

MARY ANNE. She's not here any more. Fanny went to New York a year ago. Her father died and she and her mother went into the Salvation Army.

(*TRELLA laughs. MARY ANNE stops short.*)

ELAINE. (*With air of restrained amusement*) We'll wait for you in the car, Billy!

BILLY. (*Quickly, to ELAINE*) I'm coming right along. (*Goes halfway to door.*) Well, good-bye,

Mary Anne. I'll see you again before I go back to New York—maybe.

(DICK STANHOPE enters the door L. He carries MRS. KIRKLAND'S small silk hand-bag.)

DICK. Hello, People!

(TRELLA and LLOYD, ELAINE and BILLY are all L. DICK enters below them.)

ELAINE. Hello, Dick! What are you doing here?

TRELLA. I thought I saw you a while ago, Dickie.

(DICK goes across to MARY ANNE.)

DICK. (To MARY ANNE) Where's "Auntie Kirk"? (Holds up hand-bag.) She left all her wealth in the car.

MARY ANNE. (Almost in tears) She's in back with mother. Here, I'll show you. (She opens the door R. and she and DICK exit. The others stare after them in amazement. BILLY to C.)

ELAINE. (Questioningly) Who's Auntie Kirk?

LLOYD. Has he an aunt by that name?

BILLY. That's funny!

TRELLA. I never heard of her.

ELAINE. (Crosses to window) Come on, I've had enough of this place!

TRELLA. Did anybody pay the check?

LLOYD. Yes, I did.

TRELLA. Good for you! (They stroll off L.)

LLOYD. Oh, look! There's a hammock!

BILLY. I say—Dick Stanhope acts very much at home round here. I wonder why?

ELAINE. I'm sure I don't know, and care less.
Come on, Billy. (*They exeunt.*)

(*MRS. SIMMONDS enters R., followed by BETSY.*
MRS. SIMMONDS takes money on table R. and
goes L. BETSY stops at table R.)

MRS. SIMMONDS. I'm not objectin' to trade—
except when it's trade you aren't looking for, and
don't want; then it's upsetting.

BETSY. Yes, um.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*To L.*) I wonder what that
Jewett girl wanted to come up here for after what
Miss Slissy told us about her?

BETSY. What did Miss Slissy tell you?

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Looking out of window*)
I'm not talking to you, Betsy. I was talking to my-
self. Take away these tea things.

(*BETSY gathers them up slowly, taking the tray from*
table R., under telephone. MRS. KIRKLAND
and MARY ANNE enter R. MRS. KIRK-
LAND has her arm about MARY ANNE, who is
crying. MRS. KIRKLAND brings MARY ANNE
down R.C.)

MRS. KIRKLAND. Now, Mary Anne, you tell me
what's troubling you. Amanda, I found her cry-
ing!

MARY ANNE. (*Sobbing*) It isn't anything at all.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Crosses and takes MARY*
ANNE in her arms) I think it was that *Jewett* girl
comin' here that upset her.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Elaine *Jewett*?

MRS. SIMMONDS. Yes, and Billy Barclay, too.

MARY ANNE. Mumsey, dear, please let's not talk
about Billy any more.

MRS. SIMMONDS. Well, Miss Slissy——

MARY ANNE. Miss Slissy is the worst gossip in the neighborhood. She'll repeat what you *said*, everywhere.

(BETSY works over to L. Picks up TRELLA'S teacup and returns to table at R.)

MRS. KIRKLAND. Billy Barclay? And Elaine Jewett? Mary Anne, what's all this about Billy Barclay? Are you crying on account of *him*? (MARY ANNE nods, still sobbing.) What!

MARY ANNE. I was *engaged* to Billy Barclay once.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Why, you never told me. When?

MARY ANNE. Last summer. We promised each other we wouldn't tell any one, for a while.

MRS. SIMMONDS. I imagine, since then, he's got it into his head that Mary Anne's beneath him.

MARY ANNE. No, Mother, I'm sure it isn't that. (To MRS. KIRKLAND) Something happened. He stopped writing. I don't know why. And when he was here just now—— (She sobs and goes to organ R.)

MRS. KIRKLAND. You mean to tell me, Amanda, that Billy Barclay has had the effrontery to jilt my niece?

MRS. SIMMONDS. You forget, Maria, he is the son of *James* Barclay now.

MRS. KIRKLAND. I don't care who he is. I resent it! (Pause.) But why should he have come here if—— (A step toward MARY ANNE behind table.)

BETSY. (Comes c.) He came to ask Mary Anne to go to the party to-night, but the others wouldn't let him.

MRS. SIMMONDS. Wouldn't let him? (*To BETSY*)
How do you know?

BETSY. I was listenin'. (*Looks at door.*) And
I heard 'em talkin'!

MRS. SIMMONDS. What did they say?

BETSY. That Jewett girl said if Mary Anne went
to the party, *she* wouldn't, 'cause she was waiting
on the table here—and that was a lie, 'cause I was
doing it myself.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Boiling*) Well, of all things!

BETSY. And she made fun of Mary Anne's dress.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Oh, she did, did she. (*Crosses
to L., looking out of window.*)

BETSY. And of her hat.

MRS. SIMMONDS. That'll do, Betsy—that'll do.

(*BETSY picks up tray and exits R.*)

MARY ANNE. I realize now how countrified I am.
Until I saw Elaine I thought my dress was rather
pretty, but I never did like this Slissy hat. (*Takes
it off and holds it at arm's length.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Crosses R. to MARY ANNE.
Takes hat.*) Miss Slissy should get twenty years
for making that monstrosity. (*Throws hat up stage,
points to MARY ANNE's sash.*) And take that "cur-
few shall not ring to-night" thing from 'round your
waist. (*Catches end of sash and MARY ANNE spins
as it unwinds.*)

MARY ANNE. Aunty, it's silly, I know, but what
hurt me most was I knew they were laughing at me.
(*She bursts into tears again in MRS. KIRKLAND'S
arms.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. So Billy Barclay came to ask
you to go to the party and then changed his mind
because they twitted him, eh?

MARY ANNE. I couldn't go now, Auntie—I wouldn't go!

MRS. KIRKLAND. My dear, you imagine you care for Billy Barclay just because you've never seen anyone else. Well, there's no reason why you can't *have* him if you want him.

(BETSY enters R.)

BETSY. That foreign French girl wants to know—

MRS. KIRKLAND. Foreign—— (MRS. KIRKLAND is amused at BETSY at first. Then goes C.) You tell that "foreign French girl" to come here at once. Wait—is that nice gentleman who gave you the dollar still playing with the dog in the back yard?

BETSY. Yessum. It was two dollars.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Tell *him* to come.

BETSY. Yes, 'um. (She exits off R.)

MRS. KIRKLAND. (C.) I'll see about this jilting business.

MARY ANNE. Auntie, what are you going to do?

MRS. KIRKLAND. I'm going back to New York, and you're going with me.

MARY ANNE. (Astounded) Me!!

MRS. KIRKLAND. You.

MRS. SIMMONDS. But, Maria, you said you were all run down and needed a rest.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Did I? Well, I guess I was mistaken—what I need is excitement. (Crosses down to L.C.)

MARY ANNE. What do you mean, Auntie?

MRS. KIRKLAND. The excitement of backing you against Elaine Jewett and seeing which will come out ahead.

(FELICE enters R.)

MARY ANNE. Why, Auntie!

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Up c.*) Yes, and we'll have one good fling at them before we go. (*DICK enters R.*) Felice! Don't unpack! We are going away the first thing in the morning.

FELICE. Oui, Madame!

MARY ANNE. But I don't understand.

DICK. (*To c.*) Want me?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Yes. Dickie, come here. You're going to the party at the hotel to-night.

DICK. I know I am.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Yes. But what you don't know is, you're going to take Mary Anne and me.

DICK. (*Grins*) Fine!

MARY ANNE. But, Auntie—— (*Looking at her dress.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. I'll fix that. (*To DICK*) What time is it?

DICK. (*Looks at his watch*) Four o'clock.

WARN CURTAIN.

MRS. KIRKLAND. How long would it take a careful driver to bring a motor car full of gowns down here from the city?

MARY ANNE. (*Gasps*) Oh!

DICK. (*Calmly*) About three hours.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Get Madame Blanche on the long distance, like a good boy. The number is Plaza 3800.

DICK. Sure. (*He goes across room and takes the phone which stands on the table R. at wall.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*C.*) I'll give Elaine Jewett something to talk about. (*Contemptuously*) Waiting on the table, indeed!

MARY ANNE. (*To c.*) Auntie!

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Arms about MARY ANNE*) Wait till she sees you at the party to-night on the

arm of Dickie Stanhope. Dickie, you make love to Mary Anne all you know how.

DICK. (*At phone, grinning*) Fine!

MRS. KIRKLAND. Violent love!

DICK. (*With gusto*) I get you!

MARY ANNE. (*Embarrassed*) Oh, Aunty!

MRS. KIRKLAND. We'll make Billy Barclay so jealous he'll want to fight; and Elaine Jewett so envious she'll want to scream. (*Picks up chair and puts it c. with a bang.*)

DICK. (*In phone*) Toll operator. I want to get 3800 Plaza, New York City.

(*The following scene between MRS. KIRKLAND and FELICE is spoken in rapid French, both gesticulating wildly with their hands. MRS. KIRKLAND seats MARY ANNE between them. The more exaggerated the gestures, the more MARY ANNE'S bewilderment is funny as she looks from one to the other.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. *Felice! Regardez!*

FELICE. (*Coming down*) *Oui, Madam.*

MRS. KIRKLAND. *Je desire que vous vous occupiez exclusivement de la toilette de Mademoiselle. Nous choiserons les robe les plus jolies et les plus chic, sans nous occuper du prix.*

FELICE. *Ah! Mademoiselle en crêpe de chine blanc avec rien qu'un collier de perles; ses cheveux coiffes à la Rosaire. Ah, Mademoiselle, elle serait tout a fait délicieuse.*

MRS. KIRKLAND. *Ah, oui! Je vais commander une douzaine de combinaisons et nous verrons ce qui lui ira le mieux; du blanc et rose, que est toujours joli, ou peutêtre, du bleu et blanc orné de rose.*

FELICE. *Ah, oui, oui!*

(MARY ANNE sits listening, entranced, and MRS. SIMMONDS in open-mouthed amazement. Finally MRS. SIMMONDS can stand it no longer and breaks in.)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Down L. of table L.*) Good heavens, Maria, what are you jabberin' about?

RING.

DICK. (*At the phone*) Is this 3800 Plaza?

MRS. SIMMONDS. And a body not understandin' a word you're sayin'. I declare I never heard such goin's on in my life.

(MRS. KIRKLAND touches MARY ANNE's hair, paying no attention to her sister, continuing her conversation with FELICE.)

MRS. KIRKLAND. *Coiffée a la Rosaire? Je ne suis pas sure si ca me plairait. Sa figure est un peu legere, peutêtre quelque chose de plus simple irait mieux.*

(FELICE, in a loud voice, argues to the contrary. DICK is talking into the phone. MRS. KIRKLAND answers FELICE between phrases, and amid this babble of French and English the curtain descends.)

CURTAIN

(TRANSLATION OF END OF ACT I.)

MRS. KIRKLAND. Felice.

FELICE. Yes, Madame.

MRS. KIRKLAND. I want you to take full charge of this young lady's toilette. We shall select the prettiest and most stylish dresses without regard to price.

FELICE. (*In ecstasy at the thought*) Ah! Made-moiselle in white crepe de chine, with just a necklace of pearls; her hair, a la Rosaire. Ah, Madame, she would be exquisite!

MRS. KIRKLAND. Ah, yes. I shall order a dozen combinations and we shall see which is most becoming, white and rose, which is always pretty, or perhaps white and blue with a touch of rose.

FELICE. Ah, yes, yes!

(MARY ANNE sits listening, entranced, and MRS. SIMMONDS in open-mouth amazement. Finally she can stand it no longer and breaks in.)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Down L. of table L.*) Good heavens, Maria, what *are* you jabberin' about?

RING.

DICK. (*At the phone*) Is this 3800 Plaza?

MRS. SIMMONDS. And a body not understandin' a word you're sayin'! I declare I never heard such goin's on in my life.

(MRS. KIRKLAND touches MARY ANNE's hair, paying no attention to her sister, continuing her conversation with FELICE.)

MRS. KIRKLAND. Coiffure a la Rosaire. I am not sure whether that will please me. Her figure is a little delicate, perhaps something more simple would be better.

(FELICE, in loud voice, argues to the contrary. DICK is talking into the phone. MRS. KIRKLAND answers FELICE between phrases, and amid this babble of French and English the curtain descends.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE: *A parlor in the new hotel at Farmdale. The room is done in light panels in baby blue and pink with deeper shades of pink draperies. A blue carpet. C. arch with one step and platform leads both R. and L. Backing this hallway is a stained window c. and flower-box with flowers and ferns. On either side of the arch are small fancy writing-desks with chairs and desk lamps. R.C. obliques arch leads to hotel office. L.C. obliques arch leads to ballroom. At R.C. and L.C. small settees of same pattern stand obliques facing C. Fancy table R.I. against wall with large bronze ornaments. Smaller table against wall L.I. with smaller ornament. No other furniture is needed. Wall brackets and chandelier lighted throughout.*

There is music and dancing in the room L.

TIME: *It is about nine o'clock of the same evening as Act I.*

The curtain rises to the music of a waltz played by the orchestra in the room off L.

NOTE.—*Music must be very soft all through act. When the curtain is well up it stops.*

ANNABELLE LARSH and FRANK MONTGOMERY cross R. to L. TRELLA WEBB and LLOYD HENDERSON enter L. *They have been dancing and she is laughing and exhilarated.*

They are followed by PATTY ELLISON and TEDDY FARNUM and CHARLES MASON. Exit L. ANNABELLE and FRANK.

The laughter dies away and TRELLA is heard speaking to LLOYD.

LLOYD. (*Makes for divan at R.*) Let's all take a rest. I'm tired.

TRELLA. (*Back of divan R.*) Good heavens, Lloyd, you're too lazy to dance, and I think you grow worse instead of better.

LLOYD. (*Seated R.*) It was the orchestra's fault. The leader got all mixed up. (*PATTY and TEDDY are at L.*)

TRELLA. Nonsense, it was just a simple glide.

LLOYD. Glide nothing!

MASON. (*Who stutters slightly at times*) You g-g-go and ask that leader. He'll set you right.

LLOYD. Dancing makes me tired, anyhow.

TRELLA. Beware! That tiredness is becoming chronic!

TEDDY. You just slip into it, old man. Here, let me show you. (*Illustrates. MASON works to PATTY, back of divan.*)

PATTY. Teddy Bear, get back in your cage. You don't know how to do it yourself.

TEDDY. (*Boyishly*) I do so.

TRELLA. (*Laughing*) Teddy, your dancing is original, to say the least. (*Sits by LLOYD on divan R.*)

TEDDY. (*Bows*) Oh, thanks. I always was an original cuss. (*To LLOYD*) Keep on plugging, old man . . . That's how I got my start.

MASON. (*To c.*) G-give us a cigarette, Ted.

TEDDY. (*Producing handsome cigarette-case*) I'll tell you what I will do. I'll take you out and introduce you to the girl at the cigar-stand and you can buy some cigarettes. (*Gives him one.*)

TRELLA. Oh, what a fetching cigarette-case! Beautiful!

LLOYD. (*On settee R.*) You know, it's a funny thing, but his brother Bob has got one just like that!

TEDDY. (*Goes up stage—to LLOYD*) You mind your own business.

PATTY. Oh, stop squabbling! Where's Elaine?

MASON. Out on the porch with Billy.

PATTY. What's the *matter* with those two?

TEDDY. They seem to be sparring about something. (*Boys go up stage, smoking.*)

TRELLA. (*As PATTY comes to divan*) Lloyd, do get up.

LLOYD. (*Rises, PATTY taking his seat.*) Excuse me, but I was up awfully late last night. (*Goes up c. to boys, then down to settee L.*)

PATTY. (*To TRELLA*) Is Mrs. Jewett coming over to-night?

TRELLA. No, she's among those absent, for a wonder!

(LLOYD, *with a sigh of contentment, sprawls on divan at L.*)

PATTY. (*To TRELLA*) Mrs. Jewett makes a goose of herself over Billy—I should think Elaine would be ashamed of it.

(*Boys work down, casually.*)

TRELLA. You infant! Elaine doesn't object in the least to being thrown in that direction. All she thinks of is how to inveigle a little platinum and diamond affair from Billy to wear on number three, left.

PATTY. Well, let's hope she gets it.

TRELLA. Oh, she will! Don't worry. Elaine wins everything she plays for, especially when backed up by her dear mama!

(TEDDY and MASON work down. MISS SLISSY enters c. She is dressed in a semi-evening gown at once amateurish and outre and a hat which corresponds.)

MISS SLISSY. (c. *Simpering*) Oh, good evening. (*Fans nervously.*)

BOYS. Ah!

(MISS SLISSY accepts their ecstatic exclamations as genuine.)

TRELLA. (*Amused*) Look who's here!

(*The boys gather round in a merry mood. PATTY works above to L. ANNABELLE and FRANK pass from L. to R., where they pause to regard MISS SLISSY.*)

MISS SLISSY. I'm Miss Slissy, milliner and dressmaker here. I was looking for Miss Jewett—

TRELLA. She's somewhere about.

(PATTY goes to L. of TEDDY.)

MISS SLISSY. Is she? Thanks. (*Sizing up the men.*) You're having a lovely party, ain't you?

TRELLA (*Stares at her, amused.*) Almost. (*Hides smirk.*)

MISS SLISSY. (*Over to TRELLA*) I do love to see the young folks enjoy themselves. (*To TEDDY*) You are enjoying it, I suppose?

TEDDY. (*With exaggerated courtesy*) I wasn't, but I am now.

MISS SLISSY. I love parties, passionately. (*Fans.*)

TRELLA. (*Laughing*) Really?

MISS SLISSY. Oh, yes. Everyone says I'm always the life of every party I go to.

LLOYD. (*Stands up to enjoy MISS SLISSY's conversation*) Huh!

TRELLA. (*To others*) She must be. Even Lloyd is coming to life! (*Laughs almost in MISS SLISSY's face.*)

MISS SLISSY. I didn't exactly expect to be coming to this one, or I'd be more decoletty, and without a hat. (*Fusses with her hat. TRELLA notices it.*)

TRELLA. Oh! but that's a lovely hat you're wearing!

(PATTY goes L.C. with a sign to TRELLA not to gey MISS SLISSY.)

MISS SLISSY. (*Pleased*) Do you care for it?

TRELLA. I never saw *anything* like it.

PATTY. (*Sorry for MISS SLISSY*) I think the hat's quite pretty and simple.

TRELLA. (*Innocently*) It's simple, all right.

MISS SLISSY. It's my own design. I deal in nothing but the most exclusive styles.

TEDDY. (*With most seriousness*) Now, don't you copy it, Trella!

MISS SLISSY. It won't come to over four dollars if one of you would like me to copy it.

TEDDY. Profiteer!

MISS SLISSY. (*Sits, touches her hat*) Look at that ornament. Ain't that saucy? It doesn't require another thing, does it?

TEDDY. (*Standing near MISS SLISSY, pretends to regard hat critically*) I would suggest a large pineapple peeping from the brim.

PATTY. (*Over to TEDDY*) Teddy, shut up.

(PATTY goes L. LLOYD follows. PATTY sits L.)

MISS SLISSY. I do work for the very best people in town, and summer visitors, too. Yes, indeed! I hope to start to-morrow for Miss Elaine Jewett. (*To TRELLA*) My place is on Main Street, right next to the Post Office. Come in and see me some time.

TRELLA. (*Giggling*) I surely will. (*ELAINE and BARCLAY enter c. TRELLA arises.*) Here's Miss Jewett now.

(*EGBERT MOON enters L., meets FRANK and ANNABELLE c. Pantomime conversation as they all exit L.*)

MISS SLISSY. (*Rises—to c.*) How de do, Miss Jewett?

ELAINE. (*Frowning, recognizing her*) Oh, Miss Slissy! What do you mean by coming *here*?

MISS SLISSY. (*Slightly apologetic*) Well, I thought I'd drop around to-night and find out what time you wanted me to come to-morrow to do that plain sewin'.

(*MASON over to L. near L.U. entrance.*)

ELAINE. Come right after breakfast.

MISS SLISSY. About half-past six? (*Omnes laugh.*)

MUSIC No. 2 (Fox Trot)

ELAINE. Good gracious! Half past eleven. (*Crosses to R.*)

MISS SLISSY. Land sakes, I'm ready for dinner by that time.

(*Music starts. ELAINE goes R. behind TRELLA.*)

LLOYD. Is this mine, Pat? (*Goes L. to PATTY and they exit into ballroom.*)

MISS SLISSY. Isn't that a lovely tune they're playing? (*Comes to TRELLA R.C. TEDDY to C.*)

TRELLA. Do you dance, Miss Slissy?

MISS SLISSY. Mercy, I should say so! I was up to Bridgeport three weeks one winter and took the whole course.

TRELLA. (*Takes TEDDY by the hand and draws him toward MISS SLISSY.*) Teddy! Miss Slissy dances.

TEDDY. Does she? That's fine. It's great exercise! Come on, this is where you dance with the Teddy Bear. (*Drags TRELLA by the hand to L.U. entrance.*)

MISS SLISSY. (*Laughing*) Teddy Bear? He looks more grass-hopperish to me.

TEDDY. (*Laughing*) Thanks awfully.

MASON. (*Crosses to TRELLA and TEDDY*) Wait a minute, Trella. You promised m-m-me a dance. I thought it was——

TRELLA. You're always too late, Charley. Why so backward?

TEDDY. She was up to Bridgeport one winter and took the whole course. (*Shoves MASON toward MISS SLISSY, turns and leads TRELLA off L. She is laughing. MASON, left standing, facing MISS SLISSY, looks at her in consternation, then turns and hurries off L. after TEDDY. Calling*)

MASON. Hey! Wait a minute! What was that you s-s-said? I didn't hear the last part of it. (*Etc.*)

MISS SLISSY. Too bad he's so bashful! (*Fol-lows over to L., then turns to BILLY and ELAINE up c.*) Howdy do, Billy?

BILLY. (*Hastily*) 'Good evening, Miss Slissy. I'm not dancing just now.

(*ELAINE goes down to divan R. and BILLY follows.*)

MISS SLISSY. Too bad! I'm a wonderful partner. (*Follows him as he goes to ELAINE.*) I ain't seen you down here since last summer, Billy.

BILLY. (*Shortly, through with her*) Maybe not. (*Turns to ELAINE.*)

MISS SLISSY. Not since that dance at Hillsbys, when you and Mary Anne——

BILLY. (*To MISS SLISSY*) Excuse me, please. (*To ELAINE, lowering his voice*) Don't you want to dance?

ELAINE. (*Looks toward MISS SLISSY and speaks with veiled sarcasm*) Every one in Farmdale seem to know you and your history quite well.

MISS SLISSY. (*Down c.*) Lord, I've known Billy Barclay ever since he was knee high to a duck and had the habit of sucking his thumb. I remember once, when he was about ten years old——

BILLY. (*Annoyed*) Excuse me, Miss Slissy, but I'm engaged just now——

MISS SLISSY. (*Goes toward L.*) Well, ain't you uppety! I wonder if they'd mind if I sat and watched 'em for a spell. (*Turns once more.*) Do you know, this is the swellest affair we've had here since Theda Bara made her personal appearance. (*Exits L. rather grandly.*)

BILLY. (*To ELAINE*) Aw—come on, Elaine. Why won't you?

ELAINE. Because I don't wish to dance.

WATCH Music to Stop.

BILLY. Why not?

ELAINE. Why should I? I'm certain you'd prefer to keep on talking about that little country girl in the tea-shop.

BILLY. (*Beside ELAINE*) I was merely trying to explain——

ELAINE. I never asked you to explain.

BILLY. You acted as though you expected it. You led me on to talk about her.

ELAINE. Because I saw it was useless for *me* to try to entertain you when your thoughts were somewhere else.

BILLY. Now, Elaine, you know I've hardly left your side all evening.

ELAINE. Oh, dear, don't allow *me* to detain you. I'm certain you'd rather be strolling up a country road not far away—the road to *her* house.

BILLY. I've known Mary Anne almost ever since she was born.

ELAINE. Yes, so I've heard.

BILLY. You'd like her, too, if you knew her well.

ELAINE. Like her? That ordinary little thing? Why, she doesn't even know how to dress.

BILLY. Maybe she doesn't. But I always thought——

ELAINE. Of course she's not to blame. What can you expect of a girl who lives the year round in a town like this?

BILLY. Let's change the subject, Elaine—please.

(TRELLA enters L., followed by MASON, PATTY, EDGAR, LLOYD and ANNABELLE. TEDDY crosses R. and exits out to office.)

TRELLA. (*Goes over to ELAINE and BILLY C.*) You two people are having a lovely party, aren't you? You danced the last one on the porch and this one in the parlor.

ELAINE. I'm tired, Trella.

LLOYD. So am I. My legs feel overworked from all that dancing.

TRELLA. (*To ELAINE*) It's hardly fair to monopolize Billy the entire evening.

LLOYD. (*Eagerly*) If you girls want to duck

dancing with us beginners, I'd just as lief sit out the rest of the dances. (*Sits at L.*)

TRELLA. Can't some one bring Lloyd a hammock, so he can dream the happy hours away?

PATTY. (*On sofa L., kindly to LLOYD*) Lloyd, you danced beautifully. You stepped on my toe only twice.

TRELLA. (*Over her shoulder*) I lost count. (*At c.*) Has anybody seen Dickie Stanhope?

MASON. (*At R.*) N-n-not I.

ANNABELLE. I promised him a dance, I remember.

EDGAR. He's a last-minute chap, always was.

ELAINE. It's past ten o'clock. He's true to his reputation.

BILLY. (*At far R.*) I wonder—— (*With sudden suspicion*) Say, I've got a hunch he'll pass up this dance entirely.

TRELLA. (*To BILLY*) Don't! Good partners are scarce enough already.

TEDDY. (*Ecstatically, dashing in at c.*) Oh, boy! Oh, boy!

(*PATTY rises. TRELLA down L. of divan at R.*)

BILLY. What's the excitement?

TEDDY. Talk about your stunning baby-dolls! Wait till you see the queen Dickie Stanhope's got in tow.

ELAINE. Who is she?

TEDDY. I don't know, but she's a pippin'. Some Jane! Ah, there, my little color-scheme!

PATTY. (*Goes to him*) Teddy Farnum, I'm surprised at you.

TRELLA. So pretty as all that?

TEDDY. Pretty? She's wonderful!

PATTY. Teddy!

TEDDY. Well, Pat, she is. I'm dizzy!

ELAINE. Who can it be?

LLOYD. (*Rising*) Where is she?

TRELLA. (*Speaking of LLOYD*) Oh, look, he's awake!

TEDDY. He just led her in from his car. Talk about Cinderella at the ball.

(*PATTY moves far L. DICK STANHOPE C. from R. enters with MARY ANNE upon his arm. DICK is immaculate in evening dress and MARY ANNE the vision of loveliness, in a white evening dress of exquisite material and design. She wears a light evening wrap also very costly. She is followed by FELICE. The whole thing has been staged and arranged by MRS. KIRKLAND. FELICE remains up stage.*)

DICK. (*Grinning*) Hello, people! Are we late? Better that than never. (*ELAINE rises. PATTY works far L.*) You all know Miss Simmonds, I'm sure—no, I'm mistaken. There are those who haven't had the pleasure. (*Introducing*) Miss Ellison, Mr. Mason, Miss Marion Simmonds of this city. (*To MARY ANNE*) You know all the others, and Mr. Barclay, of course!

MARY ANNE. (*C..R*) Oh, yes! How do you do?

BILLY. (*R.C. Stunned*) Mary Anne!

DICK. (*c.*) Sounds the same only the spelling is different.

ELAINE. (*R. at corner settee*) Why—why——

TRELLA. (*R. of ELAINE, coming to her rescue*) It's the little girl we met this afternoon.

DICK. Yes, Miss Simmonds is Mrs. Kirkland's niece. I brought "Auntie Kirk" down this afternoon.

ELAINE. (*A step toward c.*) Mrs. Drexel Kirkland?

DICK. Yes. She isn't really my aunt, you know. I just adopted her. But she's Marion's aunt, and—

TRELLA. (*Effusively. Going over to MARY ANNE*) Why, how do you do? (*Shakes hands with her.*)

READY Music No. 3.

MARY ANNE. (*Sweetly*) I'm quite well, thank you. (*She passes onto PATTY L.*) How do you do?

(TRELLA goes back to ELAINE. MASON works around group L.)

PATTY. (*Sweetly*) Strange we haven't met before. I know Mrs. Kirkland very well.

(PATTY and MARY ANNE take to each other instinctively. BILLY tries to go to MARY ANNE. DICK stops him and takes him R. MASON and LLOYD crowd around MARY ANNE L. TEDDY can't get in.)

LLOYD. (*To MARY ANNE*) Haven't you got a dance-card? I'll run and get you one.

DICK. (*To BILLY*) Sorry to be late, but we were chatting up at Mrs. Simmonds'. How's everything going?

BILLY. (*Still dazed and almost incoherent*) Yes, of course—that is—great!

DICK. (*Coolly*) Good news! Marion expects to spend the winter in New York with Aunt Kirk. We'll take in a lot of dances then. This will do for a starter.

(TEDDY has been in considerable of a fidget, wishing to be introduced. Now breaks forth.)

TEDDY. (*To DICK*) Say, haven't you forgotten to introduce a certain party?

(TRELLA works to R. and back of settee.)

DICK. I beg your pardon, Teddy, so I have. (To MARY ANNE) Oh, Marion, this is Mr. Teddy Farnum—our Teddy Bear. (*All the boys laugh.*)

MARY ANNE. (*Shaking hands with TEDDY*) How do you do?

MUSIC starts. No. 3. (*One Step.*)

TEDDY. I'm glad to know you, Miss Simmonds. There are many things I would like to discuss with you. May I have several dances? (*He is jostled aside by other boys.*)

DICK. (*Breaks in*) Do you care to dance this one, Marion?

(TEDDY goes up stage.)

MARY ANNE. (*To C. Trying hard to keep in the character she is assuming.*) I'd love to. Felice!

(TEDDY over to PATTY L.)

FELICE. (*Coming down*) Oui, Mademoiselle. (*Removes MARY ANNE'S cloak.*)

MARY ANNE. (*In a very casual French to FELICE*) Aimez-vous regarder les danseurs? (*Do you care to watch the dancers?*)

FELICE. Ah, mademoiselle, je l'aimerais bien. (*I should like it very much.*)

MARY ANNE. Alors, asseyez vous dans la salle du bal. Peutetre j'aurais besoin du manteau, s'il ferait froid. (*Take a seat in the ballroom. I may want the cloak if it gets cold.*)

FELICE. (*Quickly*) Merci, Mademoiselle!

MARY ANNE. (*Sigh of relief that she has said the French correctly*) Are you ready?

DICK. (*Offering his arm*) You bet. (*Crosses*

to MARY ANNE. *To the other boys.*) The supper dance is mine, boys, but I won't be stingy; you may help yourselves to one or two of the others.

(MARY ANNE and DICK *exit* L.)

MARY ANNE. (*Outside*) Good evening, Miss Slissy.

(*Enter* MISS SLISSY L., *flustered*. BILLY *crosses to entrance* L. MASON *up to* L. TEDDY *joins* LLOYD.)

MISS SLISSY. (*Looking after* MARY ANNE) Dear me, I never had such a funny feelin' in all my life. (*To others*) Was that or was that *not* Mary Anne Simmonds?

TEDDY. Yes—that's her name.

MISS SLISSY. Well, I've heard *tell* of miracles, but this is the first time I ever seen on. (*She moves up stage, a little unsteady.*) I'll come to-morrow to Mary Anne, Miss Jewett—I mean I'll come to Miss Jewett to-morrow, Mary Anne—— Land sakes! what am I talking about? (*She turns and looks* L. *a little dazed, then exits* C. and R. *All laugh.* TEDDY *up stage* L.)

TRELLA. (R.C.) I can't blame her much! It's the way *I* feel.

PATTY. I don't see what all the excitement's about. I think Miss Simmonds is lovely.

TEDDY. (*Down* C.) Ah! You uphold me?

PATTY. I absolutely do.

BILLY. (*Up* C.) She's wonderful! (*Work* R.C.)

ELAINE. (*Angry*) It was certainly well staged. (*Crosses to* LLOYD.) This is ours, I think, Lloyd.

LLOYD. So it is. (*They exeunt* L.)

TRELLA. (*Going to L. to MASON*) Talk about a transformation!

PATTY. (*Crosses to BILLY C.*) Come on, Billy, I've been dying to dance with you.

BILLY. (*Dazed*) Excuse me, Patty, will you? Take me on the next one.

PATTY. Crushed again.

TEDDY. (*Takes PATTY'S arm*) Never mind, little one, you have me to fall back on.

(*BILLY goes R.*)

PATTY. Oh, well, but one hates to dance with one's fiancé *all* the evening. (*Exeunt L.*)

TEDDY. That's what fiancés are for.

(*BILLY looks off L. sullenly, then goes to R. MRS. KIRKLAND enters from the C. and R. She goes L. and watches the dancers.*)

BILLY. Why, good evening, Mrs. Kirkland.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Pleasantly, over her shoulder, still facing ballroom*) Oh, hello, Billy Barclay! How do you do? Aren't you dancing?

BILLY. Not this one.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Oh! Did your father come down, Billy? (*She turns and watches the dancers again. BILLY thinks a moment, then resolves to get in her good graces.*)

BILLY. Yes. He and mother. There's a whist party on upstairs. (*Crosses to her at L.C.*) Mrs. Kirkland——

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Turning a little*) Yes?

BILLY. I never knew that Mary Anne Simmonds was your *niece*.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Oh, dear, yes!



*Alfred
B. Brown
1920*

BILLY. (*Looking L.*) She—she looks awfully pretty to-night.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Innocently*) Yes, doesn't she?
WATCH Ready to Stop.

BILLY. I—never saw her' dressed like that before.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Nods carelessly*) She's such a quiet little thing it's seldom we can get her to dress.

BILLY. We were awfully good friends once.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Indeed! She's a dear little girl. The only niece I have. (*Looking L.*) Isn't "Dickie" Stanhope an excellent dancer?

BILLY. (*Not looking*) Yes.

MRS. KIRKLAND. What a charming picture they make together!

BILLY. (*Looking L.*) Dick Stanhope acts as if he owned her.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Nice boy, "Dickie."

BILLY. It's terribly warm in here.

MRS. KIRKLAND. It has been sultry to-day for June. Will you take me in? I don't wish to dance; just watch them.

MUSIC stop No. 3.

BILLY. Surely.

APPLAUSE.

(*BILLY moves over L. and exits with MRS. KIRKLAND. TEDDY and PATTY enter C. from the dance. There is applause and the dance continues.*)

TEDDY. (*To PATTY*) Phew!—that was a swift one.

PATTY. You'll have to go into training again, Teddy.

TEDDY. I think I will soon. I'm not going to wait for my number to be drawn.

PATTY. Oh! Teddy, you don't seriously think you will have to——

No. 3 MUSIC Continues.

TEDDY. There, don't worry. I'm not going to-night. Not till I've had at least once dance with that pretty Miss Simmonds, anyhow. (*They sit.*)

PATTY. If it weren't that I like her so much, I'd be jealous, Teddy Farnum.

TEDDY. She is awful nice! Say, Patty, did you notice Elaine to-night when she saw Marion Simmonds?

PATTY. No. What happened?

TEDDY. (*Boyishly dramatic*) She looked as if she'd been struck by lightning. And Billy Barclay, too. There's trouble brewing. (*Rises to c.*)

PATTY. I shouldn't be surprised if that were the girl Billy used to go round with here!

WATCH Music No. 3.

TEDDY. (*Excited*) I'll bet that's it! (*Looking off L.*) Look! There's Billy now. Yes, and look at him. He's going *this way*. (*He opens and shuts his hand convulsively, in imitation of BILLY.*) Denoting anger and peevishness!

PATTY. (*Runs up to TEDDY. Looks off L.*) Yes, he's watching Marion and Dickie Stanhope.

TEDDY. Gee, there's going to be something doing, all right. (*To c.*)

STOP Music No. 3.

PATTY. (*Breathlessly*) What?

TEDDY. A fracas.

PATTY. What?

TEDDY. A fracas. A *hors de combat*. (*Enlightening her ignorance*) Oh, a fight!

PATTY. You mean—— (*Toward TEDDY*)—between Dickie and Billy?

TEDDY. Of course.

PATTY. (*Alarmed*) Oh, wouldn't that be terrible!

TEDDY. (*Importantly*) I'll stop them.

PATTY. Do, Teddy. Don't let them fight.

TEDDY. All right. I might as well begin training now as at Yaphank.

(MRS. KIRKLAND *enters* L.)

PATTY. Oh, Teddy, to think of your being a soldier! (*She and TEDDY start R.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Extending her hands*) Why, isn't that you, my dear Patty?

PATTY. (*Runs back*) Oh, hello, Mrs. Kirkland! What a lovely surprise!

TEDDY. (*Returns*) Gee, Mrs. Kirkland, this is great, meeting you!

MRS. KIRKLAND. Allow me to return the compliment.

PATTY. We didn't know you were coming here to-night.

MRS. KIRKLAND. I didn't know it myself until this afternoon. I just dropped in to chaperone the party for a while. Are you having a pleasant time?

TEDDY. Fine. We were on our way to investigate some fruit punch in the private dining room.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Then trot right along.

PATTY. We'll bring you some if it's any good.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Thank you. (*TEDDY and PATTY exit at R. MARY ANNE enters L. quickly.*) Well, dear?

MARY ANNE. (*Agitatedly*) When Billy looked at me just now, my heart sort of tried to turn over. Oh, Auntie, suppose I shouldn't be able to keep it up?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Good gracious, child. You must keep it up *now*,

MARY ANNE. (*Bracing up*) I know I must—and I will.

MRS. KIRKLAND. And remember, you are going to win. (*Crosses to R. She looks L.*) Be careful. Here he comes.

(MARY ANNE to divan R., spreading skirts elaborately and assuming nonchalant pose.)

BILLY. (*Enters L.*) Ah, Mary Anne! (*Sees DICK has followed him in and is annoyed.*)

(MRS. KIRKLAND addresses MARY ANNE for BILLY's benefit.)

MRS. KIRKLAND. Did you enjoy the dance, dear?

MARY ANNE. Oh, it was lovely!

DICK. (*To MRS. KIRKLAND*) She's a corking dancer.

MARY ANNE. (*Lightly*) Thank you. It's been so long since I danced I was almost afraid I had forgotten how.

BILLY. (*Stepping forward*) May I have the next one, Mary Anne?

MARY ANNE. Well, I——

DICK. Now, Marion, don't tire yourself. If you've been going slow on dancing, you know, why——

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*To DICK*) But she and Billy are old acquaintances, it seems, so I presume he *has* a claim on her. (*To MARY ANNE*) My dear, why have you never once mentioned that you knew Billy Barclay? (*BILLY is chagrined at this disclosure.*)

MARY ANNE. (*Assumed innocence*) Why—why—it was such a long time ago, it never entered my head.

(MRS. KIRKLAND *looks around*. DICK *looks at* MARY ANNE *admiringly*.)

DICK. (*Then to BILLY, condescendingly*) Well, take good care of her for me, old man, won't you?

BILLY. I'll try. (*Goes to divan where MARY ANNE is sitting*.)

DICK. Thanks. (*To MRS. KIRKLAND*) Shall we go in, Auntie Kirk?

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Crosses to L. exit*) Of course.

DICK. (*Turns back a moment*) Be careful, Marion. Don't sit in a draft or anything!

MARY ANNE. No, I won't.

(MRS. KIRKLAND and DICK *start for L.*)

DICK. You wouldn't like Felice to bring in your wrap? No, allow *me* to bring it.

MARY ANNE. (*Sweetly*) Not just now, Dick.

(*Exit DICK and MRS. KIRKLAND. BILLY looks after DICK, annoyed.*)

BILLY. Has he really gone? (*Sits beside MARY ANNE.*) I didn't expect to see you so soon again, Mary Anne.

MARY ANNE. Didn't you?

BILLY. No. (*Sits with her.*) I can hardly realize it is you.

MARY ANNE. Oh, but it is, Mr. Barclay.

BILLY. (*Pause*) It seems natural to be sitting alongside of you, though.

MARY ANNE. Does it?

BILLY. I should say it did! I——

(DICK *enters L. with MARY ANNE's fan.*)

DICK. (*Behind settee R.*) Oh, excuse me a moment, Marion, I forgot your fan. (*Gives it to her.*) You might want it.

MARY ANNE. (*Takes it*) Oh, thanks. It is rather warm this evening.

DICK. (*To BARCLAY, tapping him on shoulder*) Pardon me, old man, won't you?

BILLY. (*Annoyed*) Certainly.

(DICK goes L.)

MARY ANNE. (*To DICK*) Oh, oh, Dick——

DICK. (*Stops*) Yes——

MARY ANNE. My handkerchief, you have that, too.

DICK. (*Coming back and taking handkerchief from his pocket*) So I have. Stupid of me. (*Tosses it to her in front of BILLY.*) There! Is there anything else?

MARY ANNE. No, I think that's all.

READY Music No. 4.

DICK. If there is, say the word. I'll be right out here. Pardon me, old man, won't you?

MARY ANNE. I won't be long.

DICK. Good! (*Exits L., whistling.*)

MARY ANNE. (*To BILLY*) You—were saying?

BILLY. Oh, yes—I was saying—er—let me fan you.

MARY ANNE. (*Surrenders her fan*) Please do.

BILLY. (*Fanning her*) I was saying how surprised I was at seeing you again so soon. (*He forgets and fans himself.*) Of course, I expected . . . (*He turns, looking for DICK. MARY ANNE touches fan.*) Oh, pardon me!

MARY ANNE. You were saying you expected——

BILLY. Why—I—I—— (*He looks at her.*)

Mary Anne, you do look so wonderful to-night, I hardly know what I *am* saying.

No. 4 MUSIC. (*Waltz.*)

MARY ANNE. Well, er—well—— (*Rises and takes the fan.*) Let's go and join the others.

BILLY. And spoil all this?

MARY ANNE. But I didn't realize there was anything to spoil.

BILLY. Oh, but there is. Why, Mary Anne, now that I have seen you again, looked into your eyes—

MARY ANNE. (*Flustered*) Oh, please let's go in and dance.

BILLY. Aw—wait, Mary Anne. I don't think that's very complimentary. You don't seem to remember old times as I do. Have you forgotten that moonlight dance at the Hillsbys?

MARY ANNE. (*Teasing*) Um . . . Let me see. Hillsby's! Did we walk or did we ride?

BILLY. We walked, of course. It was only half a mile. Don't you remember the wild roses we picked by the roadside?

MARY ANNE. I remember the thorns.

BILLY. I've often thought of that dance. I wish we were back there again to-night, Mary Anne, don't you?

MARY ANNE. Back on that country road? Like this? (*Indicates gown.*) Oh, I couldn't! (*She crosses to L.C. up.*)

BILLY. Well, you'd be in a motor car if we were going there now, Mary Anne. You'd like that, wouldn't you?

MARY ANNE. I don't know, Mr. Barclay.

BILLY. Oh, stop calling me Mr. Barclay. Why don't you call me Billy, as you used to do in the old days?

MARY ANNE. Well, those old days—— (*Shrugs.*)

BILLY. No. I don't suppose they *have* remained

as sacred to you as they have to me. After we stopped writing——

MARY ANNE. (*Very distinctly*) Yes, we did stop writing, didn't you?

BILLY. (*Rather sheepishly*) Oh, well, maybe I did. But *I* can explain that. You see they keep a fellow on the jump at college. Being umpire of the Football Team and all that, why——

(DICK *enters* L.)

DICK. (*Smilingly*) Sorry, old man, I'll have to take her away from you now. I promised her to Mason for this next one. Come on, Mason, don't be shy.

(MASON *enters* L. EDGAR MOON *follows on and stands up stage, looking admiringly at MARY ANNE.*)

MARY ANNE. Yes, I've been wanting to dance. (*This is said meaningly.*) Oh, ever so much!

MASON. B-b-book me for one every n-n-night this winter——

(MARY ANNE *skips across to MASON and drags him off* L.)

BILLY. (*Angry, to DICK*) I don't like the way you said that.

DICK. (*Innocently*) Said what?

BILLY. (*Blurting it out*) You act as if you owned her.

DICK. Well, I brought her here, didn't I?

BILLY. All right, but where do *I* come in?

(*Enter PATTY and TEDDY from R. PATTY works to back of chair R.*)

DICK. Well, you just had her. What are you kicking about?

BILLY. Because I don't see what right you've got to——

(Enter TRELLA and ELAINE up C. from L.)

DICK. Now, don't try to be a pig.

BILLY. *(Threateningly)* Say, look here . . .

TEDDY. *(Who thinks his predicted "fracas" has arrived, comes down between them in alarm)* Now, boys—boys——

DICK. *(To TEDDY)* What's the matter with you?

TEDDY. *(Dramatically)* No quarreling—no quarreling. Remember where you are.

(BILLY goes far R. EDGAR MOON exits L.)

DICK. *(Laughing)* I know where I am, all right. *(To PATTY)* This one with me, Patty?

(TRELLA up C.)

PATTY. Surely. *(PATTY and DICK exit L.)*

TEDDY. *(Looks off L.)* That's cool.

TRELLA. *(Goes up stage C.)* Cool? It's positively chilly.

TEDDY. *(Over to exit L.)* This is my dance with Miss Simmonds, anyhow!

TRELLA. Not this one; she's dancing with Charlie Mason.

TEDDY. Well, I wonder where I come in? *(TEDDY exits off L. TRELLA follows as far as door, laughing.)*

ELAINE. *(Coldly)* That's what all the boys seem to be wondering. *(Crosses to divan. Back of it.)*

BILLY. (*Gruffly*) I'm not . . . if that's what you mean. (*Walks straight up stage.*)

ELAINE. (R.) I didn't say "you." (*Down R. to divan.*)

TRELLA. (C.) I think it's really too bad we let Miss *Slissy* go. She would have been more popular than some of *us*.

ELAINE. Dickie Stanhope seems to have taken complete charge of Miss Mary Anne Simmonds this evening.

TRELLA. (L.C.) Did you ever see anything like it?

BILLY. (C.) That's one of Dickie's habits. Whenever there's a pretty girl around——

ELAINE. (*Spitefully*) Cheer up, perhaps *your* turn will come soon again.

BILLY. All right. I wish it would. (*Exits c. to R.*)

(ELAINE, *resentful*, sits R.)

TRELLA. (*Looking after him, but speaking to ELAINE*) Well, I ask you?

ELAINE. He's acting like a perfect fool!

TRELLA. A fool, my dear—perfect or imperfect. (*Comes to R.C.*)

WATCH Music.

ELAINE. (*Crosses to L.U. entrance*) And perhaps she isn't the sly little minx.

TRELLA. Turns out to be the niece of Mrs. Drexel Kirkland and trotted about by Dickie Stanhope. There's some class to that little country maiden.

ELAINE. She was dowdy in that tea-shop to-day.

STOP Music.

TRELLA. (*Looks L.*) But she certainly is stun-

ning to-night. When Dickie brought her in, Billy almost lost his *balance*!

ELAINE. The way *all* the boys are falling for her is simply disgusting!

(TRELLA *sees* MARY ANNE *coming and warns* ELAINE. *They both go R.* MARY ANNE *enters L. with* MASON.)

MARY ANNE. You really don't mean that, Mr. Mason.

MASON. (*Stutters occasionally*) Oh, but I do. I haven't enjoyed a dance so much in a year. I don't feel at home with many girls. Won't you sit down? Or something? (MARY ANNE *sits divan L.*) May I take that, please? (*Takes her fan. Fans her.* EDGAR *brings* FRANK *on at C.* *They gaze at* MARY ANNE *and* MASON *enviously.*) What about the one-step?

MARY ANNE. I'm sorry, but I had to give that to Mr. Henderson.

MASON. The waltz then?

MARY ANNE. I'm afraid I've almost promised that to Billy Barclay.

MASON. That's too bad—but if Billy doesn't turn up, that waltz is mine, remember. I must have another. I insist.

MARY ANNE. Well, if you insist, perhaps——

MASON. Thanks. I'll go find Billy. Maybe he'll trade that one with me. You'll excuse me, won't you? (*He bows very stiffly twice and exits L.*)

(EDGAR *advances toward* MARY ANNE, *loses his courage, laughs awkwardly, turns and runs into* FRANK. *They both exit in confusion at L.* TRELLA *up C., laughs.*)

ELAINE. How popular you are, Miss Simmonds.
(*To c.*)

(*TRELLA comes down R.C.*)

MARY ANNE. You think so? Thank you! The boys *are* very nice to me.

ELAINE. I suppose I owe you an apology.

MARY ANNE. For what?

ELAINE. For my personal questions this afternoon. They must have been embarrassing.

MARY ANNE. (*Rises*) Why, what makes you think that?

ELAINE. Of course, I never suspected at the time——

MARY ANNE. (*Crosses to R., nervously*) Oh, that's all right.

ELAINE. How is it we have never seen you in New York with your aunt?

MARY ANNE. (*At a loss*) Well, I—I haven't come out yet. (*She sits R. on settee.*)

ELAINE. (*Up at R.*) Oh, I see.

TRELLA. (*R.C.*) That was rather a good joke you played on us at the tea-shop. (*Comes c.*)

MARY ANNE. Joke?

TRELLA. Yes—the costume you wore when we called there for tea. The—hat, you know?

MARY ANNE. The hat? Oh, yes; that's a wonderful hat to wear when one *milks*.

TRELLA. (*Pause, in surprise*) Milks? Cows?

MARY ANNE. Um—it's safer.

TRELLA. To wear a hat like that? Is it a new idea?

MARY ANNE. Very new. I was trying it for the first time today.

TRELLA. You don't really milk the beasts?

MARY ANNE. Cows? Umph—hm. But the hired

man helps me sometimes. He wears the same kind of hat I do.

ELAINE. Really?

MARY ANNE. The same, only for him the trimming is brighter. (*Pause.*) Of course the cow doesn't wear anything. Perhaps cow styles are different in New York. Are they?

TRELLA. (*Haughtily*) I really couldn't say. (*Tosses her hand and goes up to ELAINE.*) She has actually been spoofing us. (*MARY ANNE giggles behind her fan, realizing she has come out ahead.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Enters L. as BILLY BARCLAY enters R. MRS. KIRKLAND sees MARY ANNE and goes to her*) Here you are, dear. Where have you been keeping yourself? Dickie's been fairly frantic. (*Calls off L.*) She's here, Dickie. (*To MARY ANNE*) What have you been doing?

MARY ANNE. Having such an interesting conversation with Miss Webb and Miss Jewett.

ELAINE. It was enlightening, to say the least. (*DICK enters L. Also EDGAR, ANNABELLE and FRANK, who remain until MRS. KIRKLAND ushers them off with the others.*)

DICK. Marion Simmonds, how dare you stay away from me so long? (*DICK is back of divan L. and MARY ANNE crosses and kneels on it to face him.*)

MARY ANNE. (*Coquettishly*) Why, did you miss me?

BILLY. (*Starts across to MARY ANNE*) Mary Anne, I wanted to ask you if—— (*MRS. KIRKLAND intercepts him and gets him by the arm, taking him R. against his will.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Laughs, rounding up the others*) Oh, Billy, let's all have a look at the charming little hotel. Elaine, Trella, you come, too. What an innovation for Farmdale! Your father deserves credit, Billy. (*They move in a bunch toward R.,*

BILLY *almost dragged and looking back jealously at DICK in conversation with MARY ANNE.*) I can remember when I was a girl, the only hotel in the town was the Mansion House. Of course, in those days we thought it pretty good. Is this the office up this way? (BILLY, MRS. KIRKLAND, TRELLA and others *exeunt* R. Chatter. MARY ANNE goes C., laughing at MRS. KIRKLAND'S tactics.)

DICK. (To MARY ANNE) Well, how am I doing?
MARY ANNE. Splendidly.

DICK. Billy was so furious he nearly stood on his head.

MARY ANNE. (Alarmed) Oh, be careful! Don't make him *too* angry.

DICK. It's great fun though. (He looks at her.)
My, you do look stunning in that get-up!

MARY ANNE. (Pleased) You think it becomes me?

DICK. I should say I do.

MARY ANNE. (Ingeniously) I think it's pretty too. I hardly feel acquainted with myself. (She sits L.)

DICK. Mary Anne Simmons *meet* Miss Marion Simmonds. (MARY ANNE *humors the mock introduction.*) Gee! Makes me feel great to kind of boss you around this way and in front of the fellows, too. (Near her.)

MARY ANNE. Auntie says you have hundreds of girls just falling over themselves, *wishing* you'd boss them around.

DICK. Aw, no, I haven't. There isn't anyone cares anything about me.

MARY ANNE. (Lightly) Oh! You want one that's in earnest.

DICK. You bet I do, and Billy does, too. He's all right, at heart. He's just easily influenced, that's all.

MARY ANNE. (Eagerly) You think so?

DICK. Sure. Elaine and Trella and that crowd have just got him going. He'll come to his senses—I'm *telling* you he will.

MARY ANNE. (*Plainly conveying her meaning*) He was—talking to me just now—about old times.

DICK. (*Enthusiastically*) Then it's working.

MARY ANNE. (*Crosses to L., seriously*) Yes, but somehow he didn't seem quite sincere.

DICK. He *will* be when we get through with him.

MARY ANNE. (*Sits L.*) There's no one *you* may offend? No——

DICK. (*Laughing*) Girl, you mean? I should say not!

MARY ANNE. (*Interested*) Oh, tell me—— ..

DICK. Well, it was my first year in high school. (*Pause. Bus.*) She was about seven years older than I was. (*Pause.*) I used to ride out to her house on my bicycle; sit on her front porch, in the moonlight, and sing songs to her, tenor and bass.

MARY ANNE. Oh, you sing both?

DICK. I did then, my voice was changing.

MARY ANNE. Where is the girl now?

DICK. Married. Got three children, and lives in Elizabeth, N. J.

MARY ANNE. (*Laughing*) Oh, good gracious—what a romance!

DICK. Yes, and what a finish! (*TEDDY enters C. from R. with a bowl of punch. BILLY follows, carrying a tray with punch glasses.*)

TEDDY. Punch. Punch. Who'll have punch? (*BILLY puts the tray down on desk up R.*)

DICK. Fine idea, Teddy, where'd you get it? (*EDGAR MOON enters at L.*)

TEDDY. (*Placing bowl on tray at desk R.*) Special brew for the party. (*DICK goes up R. of the divan to desk.*)

(LLOYD HENDERSON and CHARLES MASON enter L.)

EDGAR. (*Calls off L.*) Hey, punch! Quantities of punch.

MASON. (*At L.C.*) Miss Simmonds, what about that fox-trot? That last one——

MARY ANNE. A fox-trot, Mr. Mason? I'll see. (*MASON looks at her card.*)

LLOYD. Hold on! Hold on! What's the matter with me? (*EDGAR circulates behind other boys with card.*)

MASON. You! Humph! Between Trella and Patty Ellison I thought your card was all filled up.

EDGAR. So did I.

(TEDDY comes down toward MARY ANNE with glass of punch. FRANK and ANNABELLE enter C. from R.)

LLOYD. (*To MASON*) Not a bit like it. Go run away and sell your papers. You've already had one dance with Miss Simmonds—I'd like to—— (*Shoves EDGAR.*)

(MRS. KIRKLAND, TRELLA, ELAINE and PATTY enter C. MRS. KIRKLAND and PATTY go down R. to settee. ELAINE and TRELLA remain up C. BILLY goes to R. of desk and DICK L. of it.)

TEDDY. (*To boys down stage*) Here, here, talking about dances. Where do I come in?

MARY ANNE. (*Takes punch and sits settee L.C., sipping it.*)

MASON. (*To TEDDY*) You? You lost your chance.

TEDDY. Yes, 'cause you sneaked in and took it.

EDGAR. I never *had* a chance.

MASON. Well, Dick said——

DICK. (*Coming down R. with two glasses of punch for MRS. KIRKLAND and PATTY, steps in between boys*) Never mind, Dick. Punch, boys, punch!

TEDDY. (*Glares at MASON, then goes up T.*) I'll punch somebody in a minute.

BILLY. (*To ELAINE*) Will you have some, Elaine?

MUSIC Ready No. 5.

ELAINE. (*Coldly*) No, thank you. (*Goes far R. TRELLA is L. of desk. She gives punch to TEDDY, who comes up.*)

TEDDY. (*To ELAINE*) It's all to the good. I've already sampled it. (*He goes down near MARY ANNE, above her. LLOYD, EDGAR and MASON go up. TRELLA gives them punch and they go back near MARY ANNE. DICK goes to punch bowl.*)

PATTY. It snaps up one's appetite. And Billy has a lovely supper for us in the private dining-room.

DICK. Fine! That'll help.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*To MARY ANNE*) Having a happy time, dear?

MARY ANNE. Wonderful!

LLOYD. The only trouble is Miss Simmonds is too popular.

EDGAR. (*Ruefully*) That's the trouble.

LLOYD. Danger of duels and all that sort of thing before the evening is over.

MARY ANNE. (*Laughing*) Better wait for the duel till it's moonlight. They're ever so much more thrilling and dangerous when you can see straight.

LLOYD. Miss Simmonds, how can you be so heartless?

TEDDY. Have you no pity for your unfortunate victims?

(EDGAR, in background, gives an audible sigh.)

MRS. KIRKLAND. Men are *happiest* when fighting for their lady-loves. Why pity them? (To R.C.)

(MARY ANNE rises.)

DICK. (To c.) Happiest moments in *my* young life! *Anybody want to fight?* (BILLY glares at him. DICK goes c. Looks at others and suddenly at BILLY, who is up R.)

LLOYD. Yes, just because you brought her to the party.

EDGAR. Lucky dog!

MUSIC No. 5. (Fox-trot.)

(LLOYD takes MARY ANNE'S glass up to table R.)

TEDDY. (Goes up) Him that hath—gitteth.

MASON. (Looking at DICK) A natural born trouble maker.

WARN Curtain.

(BILLY comes down.)

BILLY. This is the supper dance, Mary Anne, may I——

DICK. Supper dance?

LLOYD. Now wait——

(All boys crowd toward MARY ANNE.)

MASON. Say, listen——

FRANK. But look here, I——

EDGAR. Well, I've been trying to get an extra——

FRANK. You're not the only one.

MARY ANNE. (*Rises to c.*) I can't dance with all of you. Which shall it be?

MASON. Me.

EDGAR. Me!

FRANK. Didn't I ask you in there?

EDGAR. I spoke first.

LLOYD. No, this one's mine.

(*There is confusion.*) (*Ad lib noise.*)

TEDDY. (*Crowding in*) Wait—wait—where do I come in? Like the little gentleman I am, I have waited patiently—silently—— (*They push him out of the way.*)

LLOYD. But I haven't had a single one yet——

DICK. (*As noise becomes a hubbub, breaks in*) Boys, boys, I'm sorry, but as I've already told you—the supper dance I have reserved especially for myself. (*Offers his arm to MARY, they start L.*)

EDGAR. Have a heart, Dickie; have a heart.

RING.

LLOYD. Don't be a goup.

MASON. What do you want—the earth?

TEDDY. Where do I come in?

(*The boys follow DICK and MARY ANNE out at L., protesting.*) (*BILLY stands irresolutely, staring off at L. after crowd. As if drawn irresistibly makes a stride forward, the girls starting nervously in unison with his step, fearful of being deserted by the last man present. Another step, another convulsive start, and BILLY hastens off L. to join the others. ELAINE, TRELLA and ANNABELLE are near divan R. and almost collapse. PATTY and MRS. KIRKLAND at L. look at them questioningly. All this without a moment of unnecessary delay.*)

CURTAIN

ACT III.

SCENE: *An upper reception room in MRS. KIRKLAND'S home, in the Eighties, near Fifth Avenue. Up c. there is a large fireplace, masked. Large bay windows with window seats look out onto the street from either side of fireplace. Large doors L.I. and R.I. Through the windows flags are seen displayed from windows across the street. There is one at each window of the Kirkland house, depending from flagpoles. Beginning R. just above door is an armchair. Then comes a Baby Grand piano, open and with bench. A porcelain jar on piano with flowers. A small chair near fireplace. Pedestal with jar of flowers L. Fancy desk with light chair near door L. Large candles on desk in polychrome holders. Writing materials, including plumed quill pen, are on desk, also a small framed miniature of MARY ANNE. Below desk against wall is a low stool. At c., facing out, is a huge cushioned divan with long table backing it. The bronze statue on the table is visible from front over back of divan, also three fancy hat boxes. There is a bronze clock on mantel shelf, also two bronze candlesticks and an ukelele. Wall-brackets and piano-lamp. No chandelier. Broad daylight outside.*

SUGGESTION. *If the woodwork in the room has the lower part done in a deep, rich brown going into old gold at top, with dark velour curtains and a dark room carpet, the armchair and divan old gold, the piano, desk, desk chair and stool in mahogany, with autumn leaves and yellow chrysanthemums in the jars, the rich effect of the original setting will be duplicated.*

AT RISE: *There is music out R. on victrola.*

DISCOVERED: MRS. KIRKLAND *seated at desk L.*
BILLY BARCLAY *standing at C.*

BILLY. How long did you say she had been gone, Mrs. Kirkland?

MRS. KIRKLAND. About half an hour, I should say. She should be back very soon, now.

BILLY. (*Pause*) It was rather an odd move on her part, don't you think, to disappear from an affair like this without saying a word to anybody?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Oh, Marion told *me* she was going. You see, Dickie Stanhope is looking after her. They took the two hunters and dashed off for a ride.

BILLY. (*To C.*) Did they? It strikes me he's taking chances, going for a ride today.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Writes at desk L.I. as she talks*) The officers aren't particular, so long as the men are in their places when the time comes. It's their last day, you know, and they're everywhere with relatives and friends.

BILLY. I suppose I shouldn't have expected anything different. A civilian has no right to be butting into a soldier's farewell-party anyhow.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Cordially*) But I wanted all the young people to be here and join in giving the boys a great send-off, Billy. You as well as the rest. Besides, you'll be a soldier yourself before long.

BILLY. You mean if the draft goes through. That's the only way they'll get me.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Smiles*) You'll be as crazy to fight as any of them before long.

BILLY. I'd be crazy, all right.

(*Enter TRELLA, R.I.E.*)

TRELLA. (R.I) Come on, Billy. Elaine is asking for you.

BILLY. What does she want?

TRELLA. She says she promised you a dance.

BILLY. I don't count today. Why doesn't she give it to one of the others?

TRELLA. She told them she'd promised you. (*She goes to window R.C.*) My, what a crowd! All the 79th, too. They join the main parade at the corner.

BILLY. Mrs. Kirkland, when Mary Anne comes in, will you be sure to tell her I want to see her—about something particular?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Yes, indeed, Billy.

TRELLA. (*Down R.*) Come on downstairs and dance, Billy. It'll be all over at five o'clock.

BILLY. Oh, all right, I'm coming. You won't forget, will you, Mrs. Kirkland?

(BILLY and TRELLA exit R. MRS. KIRKLAND exits L.) (FELICE enters R., showing on MISS SLISSY.) (*Victrola dies away.*)

MISS SLISSY. (*Looks back toward R.*) Is that a sort of tea-party goin' on downstairs? If they intend invitin' in all that mob I saw in the street—

FELICE. Just a few acquaintances of Madame and Mademoiselle—boys who are leaving for France.

MISS SLISSY. Well, I don't intend to stay long. I've got a card somewhere I know I have. I had sev-

eral. (*Finds envelope and takes the card out, handing it to FELICE.*) When Mrs. Kirkland gets through seeing who it is, you can bring that back to me—if she ain't noticin'. (*The maid, repressing a smile, exits L.* MISS SLISSY after much fussing with her attire, sits L.C. She soon looks about in curiosity and becomes interested in the hat-boxes. She yields to temptation and going over lifts the lid from one and takes out hat. Holds it up and views it critically. She gives contemptuous ejaculation.) Humph! (*She peeps into the second box after replacing the first hat and is just putting the cover on the third, when MRS. KIRKLAND enters L. FELICE follows her and exits R.* MISS SLISSY clears her throat and tries to assume a careless manner.) Pretty coverin' on these boxes. Sort of wall-paperish.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Looking at card she holds*) Miss Sarah Applegate Slissy?

MISS SLISSY. Yes, Mrs. Kirkland. How do you do?

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Accepting her hand, politely*) I'm very well, thank you. You are from Farmdale.

MISS SLISSY. I kinda thought you'd remember me, seein' as how I'm the milliner and dressmaker there. Would you mind tellin' one whether them beads you're wearin' is real or imitation?

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Smiles, amused*) Real, I hope. I believe I have heard my sister speak of you.

MISS SLISSY. She ought to mention me favorable, after all the fuss I went to in turnin' her old black dress last winter and not askin' half as much as she'd been willin' to pay. I always was too easy-goin' for my own good. Would you mind givin' that card back to me to use another time?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Certainly not. (*Hands it to her.*)

MISS SLISSY. I 'spose you noticed them hand-made flourishes and that flyin' dove. Charlie Watson, the barber in our town, is awful artistic. He turns them out between shaves. Visitin'-cards like he does is *very* expensive.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Kindly*) I hope I returned it to you uninjured.

MISS SLISSY. Well, there's a little crack across one corner, but it might have been there before. Is Mary Anne at home?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Not yet, she's out riding. But—won't you sit down?

MISS SLISSY. Can't stay long. Got to make the four o'clock train. I'm in the city on business, though mostly I prefer Bridgeport as the styles there is more cosmopolitan, but I thought I'd try to take in Mary Anne this time so I made it New York.

MRS. KIRKLAND. That's very kind of you, I'm sure.

MISS SLISSY. Would you mind my peekin' in that end hat box, seein' as I'm in town to get the styles? It's the only one I missed.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Not at all.

MISS SLISSY. (*Takes out hat*) Hm, it looks a little pert for you.

MRS. KIRKLAND. It's Marion's.

MISS SLISSY. Which one is yours?

MRS. KIRKLAND. They're all Marion's.

MISS SLISSY. All four?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Yes.

MISS SLISSY. Do you mean to tell me she wants four hats all at once?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Well, she never wears more than two at the same time.

MISS SLISSY. You mean she wears a couple of hats on her head instead of one?

MRS. KIRKLAND. I said she never wore more than *two*.

MISS SLISSY. Well, the oftener I see city folks and hear 'em talk, the less I understand 'em. I'm thankful I don't live in the city.

MRS. KIRKLAND. We all have much to be thankful for.

MISS SLISSY. (*Holds up the fourth hat*) I s'pose you gave considerable for this?

MRS. KIRKLAND. The price is probably marked inside.

MISS SLISSY. (*Finds it*) Eighty-five dollars. I could duplicate it for eighteen and make money. Mary Anne wearin' a hat like that, and to think she used to be a Sunday school teacher at the Farmdale Methodist Church.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Well, she's still eligible for that position. Lately much of Marion's time has been devoted to war and charity work.

MISS SLISSY. I dunno. I think she'd better come back home. Her Ma ain't well. When I was sayin' to her yesterday that I didn't suppose Mary Anne would ever be the same girl she was before Billie Barclay threw her over—she answered me in such a snappy way—I just knew her nerves was all to pieces.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Rises, dismissingly*) Perhaps, Miss Slissy, the next time you come, you may be fortunate enough to find Mary Anne at home.

MISS SLISSY. I 'spose that's a hint. Oh, that's all right. I'm used to 'em. Your man asked me when I rung the bell if I was one of the folks expected, and seein' you have company, why—
(*Enter MARY ANNE, L.I., in a modish riding suit with breeches, her hat in her hand* She is radiant,

flushed with excitement.) Land sakes, Mary Anne!

MARY ANNE. Hello, Miss Slissy! Have you just come in?

MISS SLISSY. No, I'm just going out. What on earth have you got on?

MARY ANNE. (*Looks at herself*) Why, what's the matter with it?

MISS SLISSY. Do you mean to say you ride straddle?

MARY ANNE. I ride a man's saddle. Everyone does.

MISS SLISSY. I never did approve of 'em. To think of you bein' able to stand there without a blush, showin' your—my goodness, but the world does change!

MARY ANNE. Oh, tell me about mother. When did you see her last? How is she?

MISS SLISSY. Pretty nervous, if you ask me.

MRS. KIRKLAND. I think Miss Slissy just imagines the nerves, my dear. Your mother wrote me yesterday saying she was looking forward to your visit home and feeling fine.

MISS SLISSY. I hope you're goin' home soon, Mary Anne, with things the way they've been without you.

MARY ANNE. Why, hasn't everything been all right?

MISS SLISSY. To think that during that storm last week when the rain broke through your poor Ma's spareroom ceilin', she was all alone and needin' help.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Well, now, that *is* too bad. Marion, if you had been there, you see, you might have spread yourself over the roof in such a fashion as to have kept the rain from coming through. (*MARY ANNE, though MRS. KIRKLAND keeps a straight face, has difficulty to restrain a giggle.*)

May I send you up some tea before you go, Miss Slissy? (*Starts toward R.*)

MISS SLISSY. Thank you, but I can't afford to miss my train for a cup of tea.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Have you a taxi waiting?

MISS SLISSY. No. I rode in one once and it gave me heart failure watchin' the meter.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Presses button over R*) I'll send you to the station in the limousine.

MISS SLISSY. Dear me, Mrs. Kirkland, I always did mention you to the folks at home as being rather polite. I never rode in one of them things in my life.

MARY ANNE. Give my love to Mumsie, and kiss my dog Skeeters on his old woolly head and tell him I'll soon be there to give him a shampoo, won't you?

MISS SLISSY. I decline to kiss a dog.

MARY ANNE. Why, Skeeters wouldn't object.

(*FELICE enters L.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. Felice, tell Randolph to bring the limousine around and take Miss Slissy to the Grand Central Station.

FELICE. Oui, Madame. (*Goes to R.I.E. and exits*)

MISS SLISSY. Dear me, I'm glad I came!

MRS. KIRKLAND. Randolph will put you in the car.

MISS SLISSY. Mary Anne, some of your hats are real chic, and if I hadn't seen you in that riding suit—but of course I won't say a word about it to anyone, else, but *wait* till I tell your mother! Good-by!

MARY ANNE and MRS. KIRKLAND. Good-by, etc.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*To MARY ANNE, laughing*)

And to think she walked right into it! Well, dear? How about the ride.

MARY ANNE. We got the horses back into the barn and not a soul saw us. I sneaked in the back way. Dickie's sneaking in the front. The roads were wonderful! The horses were fresh and went like a shot.

MRS. KIRKLAND. That was rather daring of you to steal Dickie away. He had such a short time.

MARY ANNE. But we wanted one last ride together. And, besides, Dickie himself proposed it—and it was such fun! You know, Auntie, I am going to miss my rides with Dickie—honestly.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Billy Barclay is here.

MARY ANNE. (*Goes to divan c. and slumps down almost on her shoulder-blades*) Yes, I know—he was here before I left.

MRS. KIRKLAND. He says he has something particular to say to you.

MARY ANNE. You know, Auntie, I'm a little disappointed that Billy isn't in uniform.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Oh, but I'm sure he will be.

MARY ANNE. Dickie looks so heroic in his.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Did you have your French lesson this morning?

MARY ANNE.. Yes, indeed, and Monsieur Devoe feels very much encouraged. I can say "Where is the penknife of the gardener's aunt" so perfectly that he can *almost* understand me. (MRS. KIRKLAND *laughs*.) Dickie can understand my French, almost every word I say.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Dickie is a very *understanding* young man.

MARY ANNE. (*A shadow on her face*) Auntie, do you suppose it will last a very long time?

MRS. KIRKLAND. We all hope not, dear.

MARY ANNE. It's terrible—so many going.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Happy-hearted boys, most of them ignorant of what lies ahead. Going into that gigantic struggle as carelessly as if it were only a football game. (*Shakes off depression for MARY ANNE's sake.*) Now don't forget your music lesson late this afternoon.

MARY ANNE. (*Not suspecting MRS. KIRKLAND is leading her away from the subject*) Oh, I won't forget that—— (*Sadly*) There won't be many dances and things to go to with all the boys away. Lloyd, Charlie, Teddy Farnum—Dick. (*She pauses, deeply thoughtful, then starts up with some animation.*) Auntie, I saw Fannie Merton again this morning.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Sits on divan*) Your little Salvation Army friend?

MARY ANNE. Yes. She's leaving soon to go over seas. She looked so earnest and capable in her uniform. I wish I could do something big to help. She made me feel, somehow, so small beside her.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Why, child, you've been devoting hours and hours to Red Cross work and——

MARY ANNE. But she's going over there to be right with them, near them, devoting her whole life to helping them. It made me feel sort of stranded and left behind.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Oh, come now! *All* your friends aren't going, and most of those who are will be back before you know it.

(*DICK enters R.I. He is in uniform. He enters with the sense he is being followed and glances back once in a while.*)

DICK. (*Brimming with life and mischief*) Hello!

MRS. KIRKLAND. Well, Dickie, you seem to have been taking full advantage of your last few moments.

DICK. You bet! (*To MARY ANNE.*) And it was some ride, too, wasn't it?

MARY ANNE. Wonderful! I haven't got my breath back yet.

DICK. From now on, I'll probably be doing my riding in a box-car.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Crosses to R.*) Don't monopolize Marion too long, Dickie.

DICK. If you see Billy Barclay, Auntie Kirk, tell him where I am.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Dick, you're making that boy's life a burden.

DICK. (*Smiling*) Well, it was your idea.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Significantly*) Yes, Dickie—that's the way it began. (*She exits R.I.* DICK looks puzzled.)

MARY ANNE. (*Excited*) Was he following you?

DICK. (*Laughing*) He was, but I lost him. He thinks I went into the dining-room. I did. In one door—out the other.

MARY ANNE. (*Giggles*) Isn't it funny?

DICK. He always tries to appear so innocent, too, when he catches us, with such an "Oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't know anyone was here" kind of attitude—poor old Billy!

MARY ANNE. I'll tell you what—— (*Laughs again.*) Let's wait here and see if he'll find us.

DICK. He will. I don't know who's been kept busier—Billy watching us, or Elaine watching Billy. They're the pop-eyed twins all right.

MARY ANNE. (*Apprehensively*) Oh, she might come up, too.

DICK. I hadn't thought of that—she—— (*He looks R. and whispers to MARY ANNE.*) Some one's coming up the stairs now; maybe it's Billy. (*They both move quickly to the divan c. and sit close together, he in a very attentive attitude. They talk to*

each other in pantomime, especially designed for BARCLAY'S entrance. No one enters. DICK turns his head slowly and looks R., then rises, tip-toes to R., and looks down the stairs.) No, I was mistaken. It's no one.

MARY ANNE. (*With a sigh of relief*) Phew, don't give me a fright like that again!

DICK. What was I saying?

MARY ANNE. About Elaine——

DICK. Oh, yes. It will be all the better if she does come looking for Billy. I'll leave you alone with him and—then—— (*A good thought strikes him.*) I'll bring her up.

MARY ANNE. (*Alarmed, arises*) Oh, goodness, no—don't do that!

DICK. Why not?

MARY ANNE. It—it looks so deliberate. (*Rises.*)

DICK. Yes, she might get on. I wouldn't be surprised if she is already the way we've been hitting it up.

MARY ANNE. (*Musingly*) We have, haven't we? I've felt sorry for you sometimes.

DICK. Sorry for me, why?

MARY ANNE. You've made yourself such a martyr to the cause.

DICK. (*Smiling*) Don't mind me, I like it.

MARY ANNE. Such a rush of theatres, dances, country-clubs, horseback rides—— Oh, it's been too thrilling for words—but hard on you!

DICK. Never had such fun in all my life!

MARY ANNE. (*Sadly*) And now you're going away.

DICK. (*Looking R.*) Sh—here he comes, on the level, this time. (*They assume positions once more on the divan, in intimate conversation.*)

MARY ANNE. Wait! (*With sudden inspiration she gets ukulele from mantelpiece. They sit in former*

position and DICK strums Hawaiian melody, then strikes chord to begin song. MARY ANNE starts ahead of time. He tells her (*ad lib*) to wait, then strikes chord again.)

BOTH. (*Sing*)

“Farewell to you
My own true love——”

(*In the middle of the strain, BILLY enters. He stands R., looking at them glumly.*)

BOTH. “Thou charming one who dwells amid bowers——”

BILLY. (*Breaking in*) I beg your pardon, I didn't know anybody was here.

DICK. (*Briskly*) Oh, hello, Billy, come in! Just sneaked up for a cigarette. Have one?

BILLY. No, thank you.

BOTH. (*Singing*)

“One fond embrace
Ere you now once more depart.”

BILLY. Pretty room this, isn't it?

DICK. (*Careless*) Yes? Isn't it?

(*They continue the song. BILLY listens a moment.*)

BILLY. (*Acidly, to DICK*) Yes. I—I just said it was.

(*Singing proceeds.*)

DICK. (*Stops. Playing with him*) Nice—pictures on the wall—and everything. (*BILLY makes pretense of looking around at the pictures.*) Nice—ah! Nice air, too. Cosy sofa.

BOTH. (*Sing again*) “Until we meet again.”

MARY ANNE. (*Seeing the situation and anxious*

to save BILLY from embarrassment) Oh, won't you sit down, too, Billy? *(She moves over L. on divan.)*

BILLY. *(More cheerful)* Thanks.

(BILLY comes over to sit between DICK and MARY ANNE, but DICK innocently moves over L. BILLY is forced to sit R.)

MARY ANNE. *(Looking across DICK at BILLY)* I haven't seen you for a long time. I guess we've both been busy.

DICK. *(Maliciously)* Yes, haven't we? *(Idly picking away at the music.)*

BILLY. That's just about it—even if she didn't mean it that way.

MARY ANNE. *(Not wanting to make it too easy for him)* But perhaps I did, Billy.

BILLY. Did what?

MARY ANNE. Perhaps I did mean it.

BILLY. *(Floundering)* What?

DICK. Say! This is getting all mixed up, isn't it?

BILLY. *(Wiping his forehead)* Yes, it is. *(There is a pause. DICK picks idly.)*

MARY ANNE. *(To BILLY in a formal tone)* Did you play much tennis this summer, Billy?

BILLY. *(A little peeved)* No.

DICK. *(Cheerfully)* We did.

BILLY. *(To DICK, boastingly)* I taught her how to play tennis, you know.

DICK. Ah, did you? Thanks, old man. *(There is an awkward silence. DICK lets his gaze meander round the room and begins to play idly. Rises and goes R.)* Well, I'll go see what the others are doing. You'll excuse me, Billy?

BILLY. *(Rises)* But—but look here. Just a minute!

DICK. Yes?

BILLY. (*Rushing ahead*) I want to ask you a question—one that I wouldn't ask except that you're going away.

MARY ANNE. (*Rises*) Oh! Shall I go?

BILLY. No, don't—it's about you.

MARY ANNE. (*Puzzled*) Me?

BILLY. Yes. I wouldn't say it except Dick's going away and I've got to. (*A pause, then he blurts it out, the words tumbling over each other.*) Everyone says that you and Dick are engaged. Is it true?

MARY ANNE. (*Frightfully embarrassed*) Oh! Why—why, how can you say such a thing! Of—of course not! We're, we're just good friends, that's all, and, and——

BILLY. (*To DICK*) Then, on the level, there's nothing between you? (*Brief pause.*)

DICK. Mary Anne has just answered your question, hasn't she? She has said we were just good friends, splendid friends, and that was—all. I'm glad she has spoken out; it is only fair to—— (*DICK breaks off, not knowing how to finish. He pauses a moment, then starts R.*)

MARY ANNE. (*As he starts away*) Dick! I don't want you to go. Please stay!

DICK. Well, I think I'd better go now, Marion. (*Carelessly.*) I'll see you later.

MARY ANNE. (*Starts to follow him*) But, Dick——

BILLY. (*Stops her*) Mary Anne, please! (*DICK exits. She turns back.*)

MARY ANNE. Oh, how could you ask Dick a question like that—"if—if we were engaged"—right before me—I—I thought I'd die! (*She covers her face with her hands.*) Oh, what do you think a girl is made of?

BILLY. What do you think a fellow is made of,

that's what I'd like to know? I'm glad I said what I did and got the truth.

MARY ANNE. The truth?

BILLY. Yes—that you've been “putting across” something—you two—a little game. In other words, he was in cahoots with you to wake me up—coax me along. You care for *me*, and he knows it.

MARY ANNE. I—I haven't said I cared.

BILLY. Long ago you said it—— (*Starts for her.*) Mary Anne.

MARY ANNE. Oh, wait—let me think!

BILLY. (*Feels in pocket*) Well, here's a nice little ring for you while you're thinking. (*He shows her a diamond ring.*) I don't want to boast, but there's a certain other young lady who wouldn't have to be coaxed to put it on—but you're the girl for me. You *played* for me—and *got* me. Here—— (*He tries to put ring on her finger. She shrinks back.*)

MARY ANNE. Oh, no—not now!

BILLY. Well, you are a funny one. You don't deny that you and Dick deliberately tried to make me jealous?

MARY ANNE. No—I don't deny anything, but——

BILLY. You want to play fair, don't you?

MARY ANNE. Yes, yes, to everyone!

BILLY. Then you're mine, and I'm going to kiss you!

MARY ANNE. No, no!

BILLY. (*Arms about her*) Yes!

MARY ANNE. Don't you dare—I'll never speak to you again if you do.

BILLY. Now, stop fooling—— (*He kisses her in spite of protest. Ad lib protest. MARY ANNE breaks away angry.*)

MARY ANNE. (*Exits to R.*) Oh, how dare you

do that to me? How dare you, you had no right, you——

(TRELLA is heard out R.I.)

TRELLA. Oh, come on, Elaine.

MARY ANNE. Trella! Elaine—oh! (*She starts for door L., but sees she won't have time to make it, so changes her mind and darts back of the curtain at window R.C. BILLY is looking R. and thinks MARY ANNE has left the room. TRELLA enters R., followed by ELAINE.*)

TRELLA. (R.C. to ELAINE) Come on—he must be somewhere. (*Sees BILLY.*) Yes, here's Billy!

ELAINE. (TRELLA goes up C.) I wondered what had become of you. (*Curiously.*) What are you doing up here, all alone?

BILLY. (*Grouchy*) I haven't been alone. Dickie Stanhope and Mary Anne were here just now, but——

ELAINE. (*Spitefully*) But Dickie took her away as usual. I should think you'd be tired of making a fool of yourself by this time. (*He moves to R., she goes to him, BILLY to L.*) Now, Billy, listen!

BILLY. Oh, let me alone.

ELAINE. Well, aren't you going to dance?

BILLY. (*Crosses to R. and exits*) No, I'm sick and tired of this place. I'm going home.

ELAINE. Billy——

BILLY. Let me alone. (*He brushes past her, exits R.I.E. She sits on the divan C.*)

ELAINE. Oh, I hate him sometimes. He's always doing something to make me feel ridiculous.

TRELLA. (*On end of divan*) You don't hate him.

ELAINE. (*Sits on divan*) I do. I do. And I hate myself, too.

TRELLA. Sh—don't talk so loud!

ELAINE. It's all that Marion Simmonds' fault.

TRELLA. Well, I'd let her have him if I were you. There are plenty of men who'd be glad of a chance to marry a girl like you.

ELAINE. Oh, yes, I can sell myself to that ugly old Dreyfuss, I suppose—or that common Ridgeway—but it seems as if it would kill me.

TRELLA. Haven't your folks any money any more, Elaine?

ELAINE. Not much, I guess.

TRELLA. Elaine!

ELAINE. Mother said I could get Billy if I tried hard enough. And I was willing to try, because——

TRELLA. Because you *loved* him a little, too.

ELAINE. And he loved me—he *told me so*—I hoped I was going to win for father's sake, but I'm not. Poor dad!

TRELLA. (*Rises, hears some one coming R.*)
Sh——

(MRS. KIRKLAND *enters R.* ELAINE *rises to L.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. What's this—deserting our boys?

TRELLA. (*Down R., confused*) Oh, just for a moment.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (C.) Has any one seen Marion?

TRELLA. Billy said she was here before we came.

MRS. KIRKLAND. I suppose she's in her room. Better go down; they're asking for you. The boys are getting ready. (*To C.*)

TRELLA. We must not miss the Grande Finale. Come on, Elaine. (*Goes R.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*As she goes L. Noticing ELAINE'S manner*) Don't you feel well, Elaine?

ELAINE. A headache, that's all.

MRS. KIRKLAND. I'm sorry. Can I get anything for you?

ELAINE. No, thank you; I'll be better soon. I'm going back to the others.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Trella, make things lively as you can. I'll be down before long.

TRELLA. Righto! "Lively's" the word. Come on, Elaine.

(ELAINE and TRELLA exit R. MRS. KIRKLAND moves to door L. MARY ANNE parts the curtains at R.C. MRS. KIRKLAND turns and sees her. MARY ANNE rushes toward her, embarrassed and excited.)

MRS. KIRKLAND. Why, Marion, what is it? What in the world were you——

MARY ANNE. Auntie, I've done a terrible thing—overheard something not meant for me to hear. I couldn't help it. It was an accident. (*Looking off toward door R.*) Oh, I never dreamed it all meant so much to Elaine!

MRS. KIRKLAND. All what, child?

MARY ANNE. Her keeping on with Billy. Her father—— (*Interrupts herself to pave the way for her request.*) Auntie, I wonder if you'd do something for me if I made it up to you in other ways; gave up music and French lessons and lovely hats and gowns—and everything else that costs a lot of money?

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Gently*) Try me and see, dear. You make it sound like something quite serious. What is it you want me to do?

MARY ANNE. Elaine Jewett's father is in trouble, big trouble, about money matters. If you could only think of some way to help him—put him on his feet

again—it would make me feel so much happier—about Elaine.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Well, at least I can inquire into it. And all for Elaine, eh? Why are *you* so——

MARY ANNE. Because I'm sorry for Elaine—sorry I teased her about Billy—not knowing.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Sorry you teased Billy Barclay, too?

MARY ANNE. No. Yes. I don't know. (*Rests her head against MRS. KIRKLAND'S shoulder in child-like bewilderment.*) Auntie, I don't know what's the matter with me. I don't feel the same about him as I did. I don't know what it is—but it's different.

(DICK STANHOPE *bursts into the room from R.*)

DICK. Mary Anne Simmonds, if you don't hurry up and change those clothes, I'll be dancing down Fifth Avenue with a gun on my shoulder and you'll be sorry——

MARY ANNE. Oh, good gracious, Dickie—I'll hurry! (*MARY ANNE hurries out L.I.*)

DICK. Excuse me, Auntie Kirk, won't you? I'm a very busy man. (*He dashes off R.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Back of table*) My word! What is all this?

DICK. (*Off R.I.E.*) Hello, Patty—when did you get back? Excuse me, I'm in an awful rush.

(PATTY *enters R.I.E.*)

PATTY. What on earth is the matter with Dickie? (*Going over.*) Hello, Mrs. Kirkland.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Hello, Patty, I didn't think you could stay in Washington with all this going on.

PATTY. (*Both sit c.*) With a perfectly good fiancé about to march off to fight? I should say not.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Laughing*) I don't blame you.

PATTY. You know, the uniform with Teddy inside of it, is rather more than I can withstand. He looks two inches taller. I just stare at him and gasp. I can't realize it's Teddy at all. Oh, I'm so proud of him!

MRS. KIRKLAND. Patty, I do believe you're one in a thousand.

PATTY. Me?

MRS. KIRKLAND. You're taking it just as I would want my girl to take it—if I had one.

PATTY. Why, how do you mean?

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Smilingly*) Making out it's just a lark. You see, you won't even admit it to me, but I know, Patty, just what you are doing.

PATTY. (*No longer trying to bluff*) Do you?

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Quite simply*) Yes, Patty.

PATTY. I'm glad of that. I did want to tell somebody. You see, I felt that it was up to some of us not to—well, not to let go, no matter what happened. Of course, there's bound to be those who *do* let go and those who don't. I used to be one of those who did myself, when I was younger.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*With a smile*) How old are you—now?

PATTY. (*With dignity*) Oh, I'm nearly nineteen.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Nearly nineteen!

PATTY. Perhaps that sounds young, but it isn't—always.

MRS. KIRKLAND. No? How old is Teddy?

PATTY. (*Importantly*) Teddy is twenty-one.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Nineteen and twenty-one. (*Sighs reminiscently.*)

PATTY. You see, I know there'll be lots of times when he'll need some one—and I might as well be-



Sept 19, 1910

gin now, at the hardest time of all, to sort of—well, to sort of take charge, you know.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Yes, I know, dear.

PATTY. It's—well, at least it's awfull good practice. But there, I've talked enough about myself. Where's Marion?

MRS. KIRKLAND. She's changing her dress. It won't take her long.

TEDDY FARNUM. (*Outside R.*) What-ho, what-ho, within!

PATTY. There's my Teddy Bear. (*Rises, snatches off hat and holds it high.*) Come in, Army. (*MRS. KIRKLAND rises.*)

TEDDY. (*Enters R.I.*) Hello, Mrs. Kirkland, I'm awful late, but I had so much to do. (*He glares at PATTY—crosses to L.*) I've been hanging around the Pennsylvania Station waiting for you for two hours.

PATTY. Have you, Teddy darling? Attention! Isn't he wonderful, Mrs. Kirkland? Won't the army just fall dead at sight of him?

(*TEDDY stands at attention for a moment, then to MRS. KIRKLAND.*)

TEDDY. Mrs. Kirkland, what do you think of her? Going to allow a perfectly good fiancé to go to France without the joy of pressing him to her heart for the last time?

PATTY. I'm afraid, Teddy, to press you too hard. You might break in the middle.

TEDDY. When I come back all covered with medals, you'll be sorry for treating me like this.

PATTY. Honest, Teddy, I missed the Pennsylvania and had to come on the Reading.

TEDDY. No wonder I waited.

(*Enter R., talking gaily among themselves, LLOYD,*

MASON, TRELLA, FRANK *and* EDGAR. *All the boys are in uniform.*)

MASON. May we come in?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Certainly.

ANNABELLE. Patty! (*Rushes over L. to embrace PATTY.*)

TRELLA. Patty Dear! (*Embraces Patty also. Chatter.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. Annabelle, I'm glad you could come after all.

ANNABELLE. So am I.

LLOYD. It's a foraging party, Mrs. Kirkland.

TEDDY. In quest of food and things.

TRELLA. He's always wanting food.

TEDDY. I feel like an empty ship.

MASON. You l-l-look like one. (*All laugh.*)

TEDDY. (*Glaring at him*) Is that so? (*He makes as if to fight with MASON, ad lib.*)

LLOYD. Where is the radiant Marion Simmonds?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Changing from her riding habit.

ANNABELLE. It's the duckiest little outfit I ever saw.

LLOYD. Well, she needn't have changed on my account.

MRS. KIRKLAND. I have tea all ready for you. Where's Dick?

EDGAR. Smoking on the veranda when I saw him last.

LLOYD. We have only a few minutes left.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Then we must hurry. (*Crosses to R. and exits.*)

LLOYD. (*Turns up to window*) Say, how far do we have to march, Frank?

FRANK. Across the briny, and *then* some.

MASON. (*Looks at wrist watch*) Gosh, we only have t-twenty minutes.

EDGAR. Then don't use them up trying to talk.

TRELLA. I don't see why we girls aren't invited to the station?

TEDDY. Our tender hearts could not withstand your tears. *(All laugh.)*

MASON. You'll have to watch us march off from the balcony.

LLOYD. Yes, and see that you are all there.

EDGAR. *(Suddenly goes to c.)* The Overseas Glee Club is in charge of the music.

LLOYD. *(Takes a tuning-fork from his pocket, strikes it and puts it to his ear, then emits a tone.)*

TEDDY, LLOYD, EDGAR and MASON crowd together merrily. In harmony they sing a chorus of "Merrily we roll along," etc.)

PATTY. *(With meaning)* I thought you said "music"?

(Enter MRS. KIRKLAND and FELICE.)

TEDDY. Oh, we have others that are much worse!

(TRELLA laughs and goes up stage. TEDDY goes back of table. MRS. KIRKLAND and FELICE bring in tea-roller service and sandwiches. Tea-wagon is rolled to R. of couch c. Things lifted to table.)

MASON. Oh, look! The eats!

LLOYD. *(Down L.C.)* The baby carriage—behold!

TEDDY. Child's restaurant.

LLOYD. *(Still sitting)* Lead it to me!

MASON. Nothing like this in F-France!

MRS. KIRKLAND. *(FELICE exits R.I.)* Boys, put the hat-boxes under the table.

(All boys scramble to do this. TRELLA goes round.)

MASON. S-setting down exercises. (*Takes out a hat.*) Dainty confection, eh, what?

PATTY. Marion's? (TRELLA helps MRS. KIRKLAND.)

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Nods*) Um—— (TEDDY takes the hat from MASON and puts it on his head.)

PATTY. Teddy Farnum, take that hat off this instant!

TEDDY. Am I not an alluring creature?

PATTY. (*In mock seriousness*) Please, Teddy, let me remember you pleasantly. (*All laugh at this. TEDDY puts the hat back in the box. The boys have stacked them behind and under the table. TEDDY puts sections of sandwich between fingers.*)

TEDDY. Draw a card, some one——

MRS. KIRKLAND. Tea is ready. Teddy, give this to Patty.

TEDDY. (*Takes cup to PATTY*) Gracious lady! Just a sip, for your fair lip.

PATTY. (*Accepts it*) Thank you, I'd prefer a cupful.

(*As TEDDY gives cup to PATTY, LLOYD goes over with cup for TRELLA, back of piano, R. up.*)

TEDDY. (*Points to cup in her hand where a small sandwich rests on the side*) Arrow points to sandwich. (*Begins to eat sandwich between fingers.*)

PATTY. How many have you got?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Let him have all he wants.

(*Any time in here, MRS. KIRKLAND signals to FELICE, who exits .R*)

PATTY. That's his usual number. (*All laugh.*)

LLOYD. (*Lazily, still seated*) Isn't anybody going to help me?

TEDDY. (*Taking a bite*) Yes, this is yours.

LLOYD. (*Decides he must wait on himself*) Oh, well!

MASON. No more chick sandwiches for many a moon.

TEDDY. Speaking of moons——

EDGAR. Sounds like a music cue!

TEDDY. I wonder if the moon over there is as white and round as the one over here?

PATTY. Yes, and makes fellows just as silly, so you be careful!

TEDDY. (*To PATTY*) Don't you trust me?

(*MRS. KIRKLAND laughs and strolls to TRELLA at piano bench.*)

PATTY. Absolutely. But I'm going to have the boys watch you just the same. (*All laugh.*)

LLOYD. (*Down c.*) We'll see that none of those dark-eyed French girls steal him, Patty.

MASON. Why doesn't Marion come?

(*TEDDY leads, all the boys join in the college yell.*)

TEDDY, LLOYD, EDGAR and MASON.

Why doesn't Marion come?

Why doesn't Marion come?

We want Marion!

We want Marion!

We want Marion *Simmonds*!

(*PATTY laughs and goes to window L. MARION enters L. She is dressed in a dainty afternoon frock.*)

MARY ANNE. Who's taking my name in vain?

(*The boys crowd about her.*)

BOYS. (*In chorus. PATTY comes down L.*)

Ah!

I am the guilty party. (MASON.)

We have been wishing for you. (LLOYD.)

We bow before you. (TEDDY.)

We couldn't wait any longer. (EDGAR.)

MARY ANNE. (*Playfully slaps head of the kneeling TEDDY*) Where's Dick?

(*The boys howl in rage. They go up stage.*)

TEDDY. That's what *we* get—"Where's Dick?"

PATTY. Marion!

MARY ANNE. (*Sees PATTY for first time*) Patty! (*They embrace.*) We were so afraid you couldn't get here.

TEDDY. I wasn't. The magnet—(*Indicates himself*)—is sure to draw the needle—(*Points to PATTY*). She brings great news from Washington, Marion. The White House is still white.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*To MARION*) The boys have only a short time now, dear. We're having tea up here.

TRELLA. (*To EDGAR*) Where are you bound for? Montreal?

EDGAR. Search me.

MARY ANNE. What time does the train leave the station?

MASON. Six. We start from the corner at five.

MARY ANNE. (*Looks at her wrist-watch*) It's fifteen minutes of that now. Where's Dick?

TEDDY. *Why* the anxiety about Dick?

MARY ANNE. (*Sits at desk, facing crowd*) Well, I—I just wondered.

MRS. KIRKLAND. They've been such good friends, and she has a little gift for him on leaving—that's all.

TEDDY. Lucky Dickie!

PATTY. Teddy Farnum, didn't I give you a wrist-watch?

TEDDY. Bless your little heart—so you did! (*Shows the company.*) Behold! Size six and seven-eighths.

MASON. (*Shows a watch on each wrist*) I got two. (*Holds both wrists down, exhibiting.*)

TEDDY. His third will be worn around his ankle, in the guard-house, with a ball and chain attachment.

MASON. Then I'll have to watch my st-st-step. (*All laugh.*)

(DICK enters R.I.)

DICK. What's the ha, ha? Am I missing something?

EDGAR. You never miss *anything*.

DICK. (*Goes L. to MARY ANNE*) I missed a dance that was coming to me.

MARY ANNE. I'm sorry—it took me so long to dress.

DICK. I'll forgive you this time.

MARY ANNE. (*To c., above table*) I'll get you some tea.

(TRELLA and LLOYD to window L.U.)

DICK. Thanks. (*He goes L. MARY ANNE goes over for tea and sandwiches. Her manner is full of suppressed excitement.*)

MARY ANNE. One—— (*Holds up lump of sugar.*)

DICK. Two. It's getting close to us.

TRELLA. (*At window, looks down*) My, that's a jolly crowd!

READY Bugle.

DICK. They won't be so jolly two days out on the ship. I know *I* won't!

LLOYD. I'm ready now for anything.

TEDDY. I've been ready for a month.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (C.) Dickie, you must take care of all my boys.

DICK. That's a pretty big commission, Auntie Kirk, but I'll do my best.

MARY ANNE. (*Sadly*) You haven't much time now.

DICK. (*Cheerfully*) No—not very much. (*Pause.*)

LLOYD. Patty—don't look so sad.

PATTY. I'm not sad—I may not like it—but I'm smiling.

(*Anyone who plays goes over to piano and rattles off "By the Sea." MARY ANNE and MASON, PATTY and TEDDY, LLOYD and TRELLA, EDGAR and ANNABELLE begin to dance. As MARY ANNE dances across to L. a bugle note is heard. All stop abruptly. The girls much affected, the boys apparently careless.*)

BUGLE.

DICK. That's it. (*Crosses to window.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. Now, boys, don't forget to drop us a line whenever you can, all of you. We shall be interested in every step you take.

MASON. Oh, we will!

EDGAR. Sure!

MRS. KIRKLAND. Where are your kits?

TEDDY. My people took mine to the station in the car.

LLOYD. Mine, too.

MASON. M-m-me, too.

TRELLA. (*At window*) The boys are getting into line.

(MASON and EDGAR go over to MARY ANNE and shake hands. LLOYD says good-bye to MRS. KIRKLAND. PATTY to TEDDY.)

PATTY. Now, remember, Teddy, you telegraph me from wherever the boat leaves.

(DICK says good-bye to TRELLE.)

MASON. Good-bye, Marion.

MARY ANNE. Good-bye and good luck.

(LLOYD goes over to MARY ANNE. MASON, EDGAR, PATTY and TEDDY form group R.)

LLOYD. I want to be in on that, Marion.

MARY ANNE. I almost wish I were going with you.

LLOYD. I guess we all wish that.

(TEDDY comes over to MARY ANNE. LLOYD to R.)

MARY ANNE. Come back all covered with medals, Teddy.

TEDDY. Wait till you see me. I'll look like the hero of a Mexican revolution. (They shake hands.)

(FRANK comes for farewell.)

MARY ANNE. Keep on smiling, Frank.

MRS. KIRKLAND. We'll go down with you.

(DICK goes to MARY ANNE.)

MASON. So long, Mary.

(TEDDY sings a few bars of "So Long, Mary."
EDGAR joins at conclusion.)

DICK. Well, good-bye, Mary Anne.

MARY ANNE. The time has come at last, hasn't it?

DICK. Yes.

TEDDY. Coming, Dick?

DICK. I'll be right with you.

LLOYD. We'll walk on slow.

TEDDY. Gee! I feel funny!

LLOYD. So do I.

MASON. I hope nobody cries at the station!

TEDDY. So do I. I'm close to it myself.

(By this time, PATTY, TEDDY, TRELLA, ANNABELLE, EDGAR, LLOYD, FRANK, MASON and MRS. KIRKLAND are out of the room R., leaving DICK and MARY ANNE. She is at window L. DICK moves near to divan down C.)

DICK. *(With poorly assumed cheerfulness, slowly)* Our little make-believe romance is—is just ended, that's all.

MARY ANNE. Ended—— *(Faintly)* Yes.

DICK. *(Bracing up)* But we've had great times together, haven't we?

MARY ANNE. Yes—we have. *(Facing each other, they pause, and then start to speak together)*

MARY ANNE and Dick. *(Together)*

Well, I——

Do you think——

MARY ANNE. Oh, I—I interrupted you—didn't I?

DICK. No. I—I wasn't going to say anything.

MARY ANNE. There's so much one *wants* to say—one can't think of—of *anything*.

DICK. Except the bully good times we've had.

MARY ANNE. And how *kind* you've been.

DICK. No, how kind—how—kind *you've* been.

MARY ANNE. It seems—like a dream. I just can't realize that you're going.

DICK. (*Cheerily*) I can't, either, but I'm on my way.

MARY ANNE. You'll take good care of yourself over there? Promise me you will.

DICK. Yes! Sure! You promise—too!

MARY ANNE. Of course. (*She pauses. Instinctively they step closer to each other.*) I shall be thinking of you.

DICK. (*Earnestly*) And I shall be thinking of you, Mary Anne.

LLOYD. (*Outside R.*) You've got just three minutes, Dickie.

DICK. I'm coming.

MARY ANNE. Oh, wait—they mustn't go till I've given you your presents.

DICK. For me?

(MARY ANNE runs to window L.C. and brings down large box, unwrapped. They sit on the divan. Produces articles as she talks.)

MARY ANNE. A sweater, see? I made it myself.

DICK. Oh, that's great!

MARY ANNE. And the muffler—and mittens—I hope the thumbs are large enough. (*Hands each separately.*)

DICK. Oh, sure!

READY Band.

MARY ANNE. (*Disclosing the big surprise*) And here, a little kit bag and medicine chest, combined. See there, needles and thread. A pair of scissors. Things to shave with. (*Points to bottles*) That's quinine; that is flaxseed, for poultices, you know. And put one in your eye if you get anything in it. This is peroxide, antiseptic. Isn't it complete?

DICK. Wonderful! And you did all this for me?

MARY ANNE. It was great fun! I tried to think of everything.

DICK. There's only one thing you've forgotten. Something I should like above all these.

MARY ANNE. What?

DICK. It *won't* be complete without—— Well, I'd like to have your picture.

MARY ANNE. (*Flustered*) A picture of me? Good gracious! Really? (*She looks about helplessly. Sees an ivory miniature of herself on the desk at L. Gets it.*) Here, you may have this one. It belongs to Auntie, but she won't mind.

DICK. (*Looks at it tenderly*) Thank you, Mary Anne. I shall keep it with me always for good luck. (*Puts it in inside pocket. Band far away on Fifth Avenue heard—"Stars and Stripes."* DICK *continues slowly*) We won't say good-bye—just *au revoir*.

(MARY ANNE *hands him the package, all in one box. He holds it under one arm.*)

MARY ANNE. Yes—just *au revoir*. (*She puts her hand in his.*)

TEDDY. (*Outside*) Come on, Dickie!

WARN *Curtain.*

(DICK *looks at MARY ANNE. He resists a desire to kiss her and crush her in his arms. Bends over and kisses her hand instead, turns and exits out of the door R. quickly—taking his presents with him. MARY ANNE stands dazed, looking at the hand which he has kissed. The sound of the music becomes louder. The parade is nearing the corner. Outside R., MRS. KIRKLAND is heard as DICK passes her.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. *Au revoir*, Dickie boy. Better hurry—you'll be court-martialled.

(TRELLA, PATTY, ANNABELLE, FELICE and MRS. KIRKLAND enter R. and rush to windows. MRS. KIRKLAND speaks to MARY ANNE.)

MRS. KIRKLAND. Come, dear, we can see them from here splendidly.

PATTY. Isn't it wonderful? Dear boys!

(Band is now quite forte, a strong, stirring march tempo, as the girls stand at window.)

TRELLA. (*Excitedly at window R.C.*) There's Lloyd. He's waving his hand to us! (*They wave their handkerchiefs in return.*)

PATTY. (*After a pause, excitedly*) There's Teddy—there's Teddy! (*Pause. They wave their handkerchiefs frantically. Then PATTY wipes a tear from her eye.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. There's Dick—look, Marion—there's Dick!

FIRST Ring.

(MARY ANNE, who has held her position, gazing vacantly at her hand, now brings it against her cheek and crumples down into a little heap before the sofa. Her aunt goes to her, alarmed. The band is forte, and the others continue waving their hands.)

SECOND Ring.

CURTAIN

(*At Picture, MRS. KIRKLAND is beside MARY ANNE, lifting her. Distant band is still heard.*)

NOTE.—*As the band begins faintly in the distance, let them play just the easy moving part of the march which is called the "trio." They can repeat this and keep it up through the picture.*

ACT IV

SCENE: *Same as Act I. June, 1919.*

DISCOVERED: *At rise BETSY is standing at the window L., looking out L. She has a rag in her hand and a pail stands on the floor. MISS SLISSY enters the door L. She has her sewing-bag on her arm, with materials, etc.*

NOTE: *Make such changes in arrangement of things as might happen in two years. Have pail of water at L.IE. Letter in tobacco-jar on mantel.*

MISS SLISSY. Where's Mis' Simmonds, Betsy?

BETSY. Out to the hen-house, I think.

MISS SLISSY. I came to finish that new waist I'm making for her. Do you know what she done with the pattern?

BETSY. It's on the sewing machine upstairs.

MISS SLISSY. *(Goes R. to table)* Mary Anne's expected home to-day, ain't she?

BETSY. *(Dusting ornament)* Yep.

MISS SLISSY. Bessie Hamper—telephone operator—said that Mrs. Kirkland had a long-distance call from New York sayin' Mary Anne was on her way down here by automobile. Her ship got in early this morning from France.

BETSY. *(Nodding)* Uh huh.

MISS SLISSY. It's about time she was comin' home. She ain't writ her mother—*(Sits L. of table)*

R.)—very often since she's been away. Jed Dooley, the rural delivery man, was tellin' me only yesterday that he's only brought her ma seven letters from France in a year and a half, and *three* of 'em was censored.

BETSY. She had eight.

MISS SLISSY. Well, one more or less don't make much difference. Of course I ain't sayin' it wasn't patriotic of her to go over with that Sal army unit and help nurse, but I do think she ought to have writ her ma oftener and told her more gossip.

BETSY. She wasn't nursin'.

MISS SLISSY. What was she doin', then?

BETSY. She was in a cantoon, or somethin'.

MISS SLISSY. Well, it's all the same. One gives 'em medicine to make 'em well and the other gives 'em chocolates to make 'em sick again. I done my bit right here at home, singin' at benefits and one thing or another. (BETSY *sighs*.) What's the matter with you, Betsy, you're lookin' kinda droopy lately?

BETSY. I dunno. I guess it's because I'm sleepy. (*Sits.*) I had to sit up till half-past nine last night waiting for Mrs. Kirkland.

MISS SLISSY. (*To c.*) Yes, there's nothin' like losing sleep to cause a girl to fade. You'd better be careful, 'cause you're the kind that fades early.

BETSY. What are the kind that don't?

MISS SLISSY. Well, take me, for instance. I looked just the same ten years ago as I do now.

BETSY. (*Innocently*) Wasn't that too bad!

MISS SLISSY. What's that? Huh! (*Exits R.*)

(BETSY *looks out of the window, smiles and nods to someone, and coyly wipes the window ledge with the rag. MRS. SIMMONDS enters L. The door stands open, set back with a stone.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Crosses to far R.—puts flowers on organ*) I do nothing but drive that speckled rooster out of the geranium bed. There he was struttin' through it for the seventh time to-day. (*Looks at BETSY, who works c.*) Mary Anne hasn't telephoned again, has she? (*Front of table R. to R.C.*)

BETSY. (c.) No'm.

MRS. SIMMONDS. She ought to be here by now. I declare I'm getting so nervous I can hardly keep still a minute.

BETSY. Miss *Slissy's* upstairs.

MRS. SIMMONDS. What does *she* want?

BETSY. That new waist she's makin'.

MRS. SIMMONDS. If she could only make it without havin' to try it on me so much, I'd be thankful. She gets me standin' so I've *got* to listen, and nearly talks me to death. (*Crosses R. and around table.*)

BETSY. I suppose she wants to be here when Mary Anne comes. (*Goes L.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. There's no "supposing" about that. Wipe off the chairs, Betsy. Sister Maria will be down in a minute, and if she noticed there was any dust on anything it would give me nervous prostration, she's so neat. (*BETSY jabs at the chair standing L. and misses it. MRS. SIMMONDS goes above table L.*) The chairs, I said, child. I didn't ask you to fan flies. What does possess you to fuss around that window? Is it Henry again?

BETSY. Yes-sum.

MRS. SIMMONDS. What's that fool hired-man doin' that you can't even turn your head this way when I'm talkin' to you?

BETSY. Smilin'.

MRS. SIMMONDS. He's got just about enough brains as would keep that speckled rooster from falling off the fence, and no more. (*To c.*)

BETSY. (*Wipes chair, kneeling, but manages to keep an eye out of the window*) A speckled rooster ain't so bad, scratchin' around makin' a livin' for a family.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (C.) Sometimes, Betsy, you say things so idiotic that they almost sound sensible.

BETSY. (*Pulls chair to her and rubs the top part and the seat*) I'm absent-minded in the spring of the year.

MRS. SIMMONDS. 'Tain't only in the spring, child. (*To C.*) Though I do notice that you're slacker than usual in the last few days. What's the reason?

BETSY. (*Drawls, staring out L.*) I dunno.

MRS. SIMMONDS. I think you're lookin' at it now, and I don't intend to stand any more of it. (*She moves to window L.C. and calls off L. Pulls BETSY to C. BETSY works above table L.*) Henry! Stop that hoein' and go out to the barn and clean off the horses till I tell you stop. An' if the horses is cleaned off already, clean off the cows. Do some-thin' to take you out of sight of this house. (*To BETSY*) Now mebbe you can 'tend to your work. (*Crosses to C.*)

BETSY. Yes-sum. (*She rubs again at L. chair of table L., then pauses, thinking.*) Mrs. Simmonds, if you was a single girl, and had loved a man for two years and he loved you, and wouldn't ask you, what would you do?

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Wearily sarcastic*) I'd take him by the ear and souse his head in the rain-water barrel till he *did* ask me. (*Crosses down R. Turns to go as MRS KIRKLAND enters R.*)

(*BETSY looks at MRS. SIMMONDS a few moments, then out the window; then with determination throws down the cloth and exits L.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Enter R.*) No sign of Mary Anne yet?

MRS. SIMMONDS. None, and she ought to have been here half an hour ago.

(MRS. KIRKLAND *crosses to window.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*c.*) Land! How I have missed that girl! I'll never let her go away from me so long again.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Sits L.*) Amanda, did Mary Anne ever mention Dickie Stanhope in any of her letters?

MRS. SIMMONDS. Dick Stanhope? No—why?

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Sits L.*) I was just puzzled, that's all. Her early letters to me were full of his name—and then—suddenly—not a word about him.

(MISS SLISSY *enters R.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. Land, I dunno. I can't understand her sometimes. She doesn't seem to know her own mind. She carried on for months to get Billy Barclay to ask her, and when she could have him, didn't want him.

(MRS. KIRKLAND *warns her that MISS SLISSY is in the room.*)

MISS SLISSY. Talkin' about Mary Anne?

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Crosses to L.*) No, we wasn't, Sairey Applegate Slissy.

MISS SLISSY. Goodness knows, I'll be glad to see Mary Anne when she gets here. I s'pose she'll have a wonderful lot of tales to tell. (MRS. SIMMONDS *about to sit in chair L. of table R. To MRS.*

SIMMONDS) Do you mind seein' if this waist is the right width across the back?

MRS. SIMMONDS. I s'pose not, though you measured me twice yesterday.

(MISS SLISSY moves over to MRS. SIMMONDS, who rises and turns for her.)

MRS. KIRKLAND. Do you wear those felt slippers for comfort, Miss Slissy?

MISS SLISSY. (*Putting with the waist*) Well, I hope you don't think, Mrs. Kirkland, that I wear 'em for any dishonorable purpose. Gracious me, Mrs. Simmonds! I believe you grow broader through the shoulders right along. I'm afraid I'll have to set a piece in. (*Pins the waist to MRS. SIMMONDS as she measures.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. Ouch! Don't puncture my spine. I may need it.

MISS SLISSY. Excuse me. Stout people is so near the surface! Anyhow—(*To MRS. KIRKLAND*)—I'm so used to sticking myself I think other folks don't mind it. (*Laughs and continues her work.*) I always wondered if Mary Anne went to France on account of any disappointment in particular.

MRS. KIRKLAND. That's nothing that need worry you nor the village, Miss Slissy.

MISS SLISSY. Please stand still, Mis' Simmonds. I almost stuck you again.

(BETSY enters from L. over the porch. She is wet and excited.)

BETSY. (*Breathlessly*) It's all right, Mis' Simmonds! It's all right! (*To L.C.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. What's all right?

BETSY. Henry says he'll marry me, but I had to

duck him in the rain-water barrel twice before he'd promise. (*Wrings water out of her sleeves.* MRS. KIRKLAND *laughs and rises.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Horried*) For the land sakes, she did it! (*Steps.*) She actually went and did it, just because I told her to!

BETSY. (*Crosses to c.*) He kicked somethin' awful, but I held him. Don't you reckon I'd ought to have a new dress to get married in?

MRS. SIMMONDS. I s'pose so, child. You and Henry might as well get the agony over.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Smiling*) That means I'm due for a wedding present. What would you like me to give you, Betsy?

BETSY. I'd like a silk nightgown—silk all over! (*Turns and speaks to MISS SLISSY*) Thursday is my afternoon off, if you want to *fit* me then.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Crosses to table L.*) Well, just take Miss Slissy to your room—to finish bastin' my waist. You can have her time for the rest of the afternoon.

READY Horn.

(BETSY goes R. MISS SLISSY follows.)

MISS SLISSY. (*At R. in intense undertone*) Betsy, where is that rain-water barrel?

BETSY. (*Confidential tone*) Back of the woodshed. Why?

MISS SLISSY. I want you to show me how you done it. (BETSY exits R., followed by MISS SLISSY.)

(*Slight pause. Horn L.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. There's a motor now!

MRS. SIMMONDS. (C.) Perhaps it's Mary Anne. (*Goes below table L.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Goes to window c.*) They've

stopped at the gate. There's Patty, Teddy, Billy—
Here they *all* are! No, I don't see Marion.

MRS. SIMMONDS. I'm surprised at Billy Barclay
coming here!

MRS. KIRKLAND. I hope nothing's happened to
detain her.

MRS. SIMMONDS. I hope not.

(MRS. KIRKLAND *exits out the door L. There are
confused sounds of greeting outside L. MRS.
KIRKLAND enters with ELAINE, TRELLA, LLOYD
and PATTY.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. What on earth is it all about?

(MRS. KIRKLAND *and girls to R.C., below table. Ad
lib.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. Where's my Mary Anne?

PATTY. (L.C.) She's a mile or two behind us.

LLOYD. Charley Mason is bringing her in his car.

TRELLA. You ought to see Charlie. He's grown
so masterful.

PATTY. She doesn't know we're here. The others
drove around the back in Edgar's car.

(TEDDY *and BILLY enter L.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. Well, of all things!

BILLY. Hello, Mrs. Simmonds!

MRS. SIMMONDS. How do you do, Billy? I
haven't seen you in a long time. Nor you, Teddy.

TEDDY. (*Crosses to c.*) We couldn't resist the
temptation to wish ourselves on you folks in Farm-
dale when it meant surprising Marion!

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Delighted but flustered*)

Goodness me, I haven't got a thing in the house fit to eat for a surprise, except a——

LLOYD. (*Down R. of c.*) Don't worry about that, Mrs. Simmonds. We'll sneak down to the village and get a couple of gallons of ice cream and some cake. (*Crosses to window.*)

TRELLA. You'd better hurry and get the car out of sight, so Mary Anne won't see you.

LLOYD. (*Lazily*) Aw, we've got plenty of time.

TEDDY. (*Crosses to window*) We'll bring the eats in the back way. Come on, fellows. (*They exit L.2—BILLY, TEDDY and LLOYD.*)

HORN Ready.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Has anyone seen or heard anything of Dick?

TRELLA. (*R. corner*) Well—ah——

PATTY. (*Crosses to c., hesitates*) Oh, yes, Dick's in New York—been there for four days.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Have you seen him?

(*The girls are trying to keep a secret.*)

PATTY. Yes—we saw him—for just a few moments——

MRS. KIRKLAND. Did he—— (*A horn is heard in the distance.*)

HORN.

PATTY. (*Crosses to L.*) There's Marion now! The boys will just about make it.

MRS. SIMMONDS. Good gracious, I'm so excited! I don't know if I'm standin' on my head or my heels!

MRS. KIRKLAND. Bring the others in through the kitchen, and don't come until I give the signal.

MRS. SIMMONDS. You can stay right there in the dining room, if you girls want to hide. (*Exits L. window.*)

TRELLA. (*To MRS. KIRKLAND*) Don't give the signal till the boys get back. (*The whirr of the motor is heard off L.*)

ELAINE. (*To MRS. KIRKLAND*) Don't you let on now, Mrs. Kirkland.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Not a word!

(*The girls exit R. MRS. KIRKLAND stands C.*)

MARY ANNE. (*Off*) Oh, Mumsey—Mumsey—!

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Off, emotionally*) My little chickadee—my little lambkin! (*They enter L. and embrace.*)

MARY ANNE. Auntie! (*She runs to her.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. Well, you dear little darling!

MARY ANNE. Auntie, auntie, auntie! Mumsie! (*Goes to mother again.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Arms about her*) Mary Anne, how could you go away and leave your mother all this time?

MARY ANNE. (*Consoling her*) I'm here now, darling—I'm here, I'm here!

MRS. SIMMONDS. But if anything had happened to you——

MARY ANNE. (*Smiling*) Oh, I felt so little compared to the big things going on around me, I just knew a bullet would have hard work to find me.

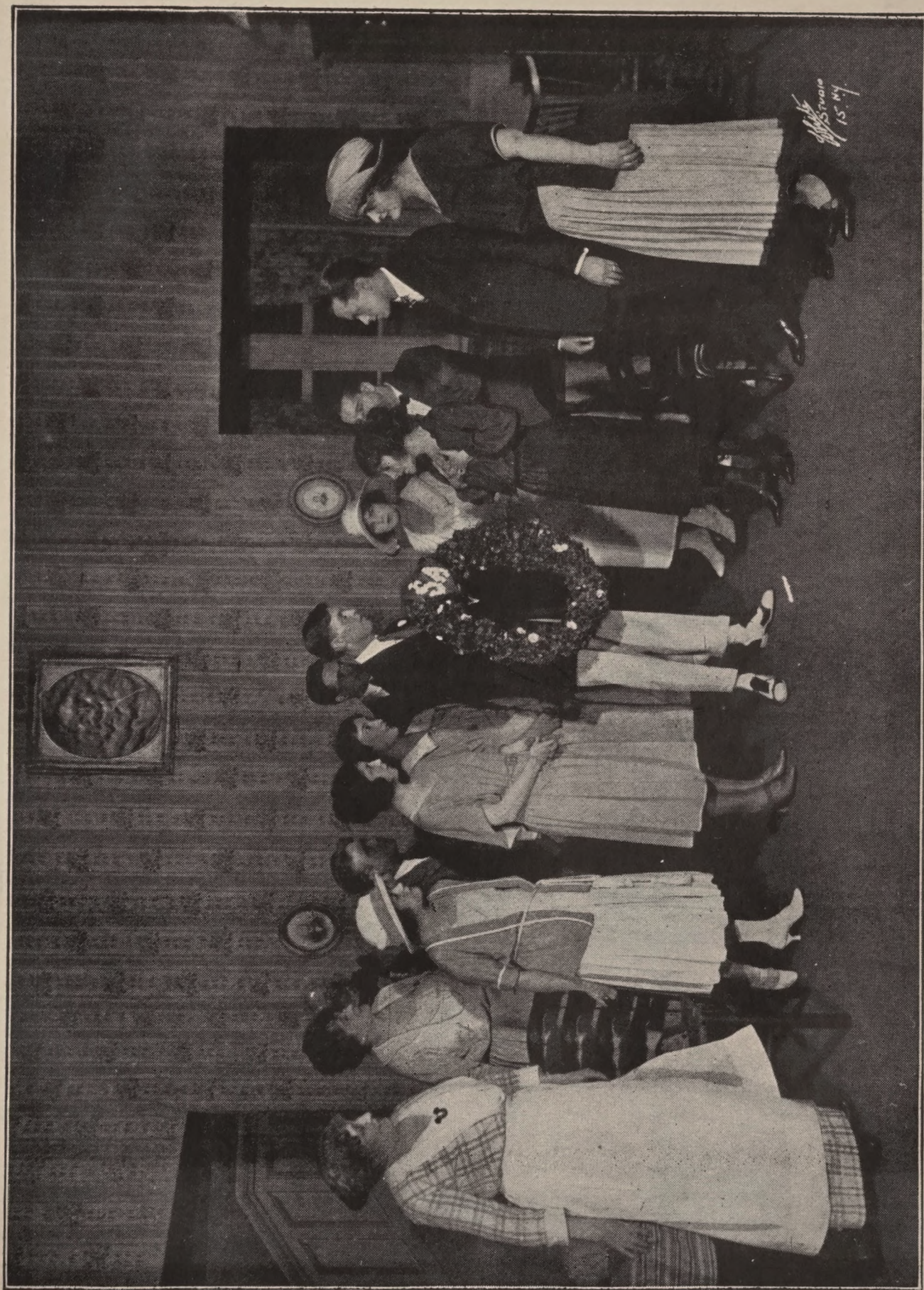
MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Hysterically*) Oh, darling, you were near the bullets?

MARY ANNE. It was all in the game, Mumsie, but I'm home again.

MRS. SIMMONDS. I can scarcely believe it's my Mary Anne.

MARY ANNE. Oh, but it is! (*Laughs.*) And two pounds more of me than there was when I went away.

MRS. SIMMONDS. Bless you!



"GOLDEN DAYS"

See page 125

MRS. KIRKLAND. We've been proud of you, dear, very proud.

MARY ANNE. Not of me. I really did next to nothing.

MRS. SIMMONDS. You just say that.

MRS. KIRKLAND. It seems as if you had been gone for years and years.

MARY ANNE. Two years, Auntie—two wonderful, terrible years. (*Quick change to lighter manner*) Mumsie, I'm hungry! May I have something to eat?

MRS. SIMMONDS. Yes, we're going to have—— (*A cough from MRS. KIRKLAND reminds her not to tell about the guests.*) I'll get you a slice of bread and preserves.

MARY ANNE. Quince! Good old-fashioned quince!

MRS. SIMMONDS. I just opened a jar of it this morning. You talk to your aunt. I'll bring it to you. Bless your little heart, but it's good to have you home again! (*Exits, almost weeping with joy.*)

MARY ANNE. Good gracious! Charlie Mason's outside. I'd forgotten all about him.

MRS. KIRKLAND. He'll find his way in. Don't worry.

MARY ANNE. I want you to tell me every single thing that has happened since I went away.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Affectionately*) Dear child, just having you here makes the world seem normal once more. Well, Teddy Farnum and Lloyd Henderson have been home a long time.

MARY ANNE. Yes, Charlie told me that. He came back with them.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Teddy and Patty are married.

MARY ANNE. Married? Oh, I'm dying to see them!

MRS. KIRKLAND. Trella and Lloyd are engaged, and so are Billie and Elaine Jewett.

MARY ANNE. Yes, I knew that.

MRS. KIRKLAND. But not all of our boys came back. You've heard about Frank?

MARY ANNE. (*Nods*) I saw him being brought in—poor Frank!—his very first day in action, too.

MRS. KIRKLAND. His mother has been very brave. (*The shadow of this memory makes them pause for a moment.*)

MARY ANNE. Two years since I went abroad, Auntie. Two wonderful, terrible years!

MRS. KIRKLAND. You were such a child. We've found it hard not to reproach ourselves for ever letting you go into the midst of such horrors.

MARY ANNE. But you couldn't help yourselves! I *had* to go to France, something made me, and now it's all over, it's a deep and sacred memory to carry with me as long as I live.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Slowly feeling her way*) There's one friend we haven't mentioned yet—Dick. You never ran across him, I suppose?

MARY ANNE. (*Shakes her head*) It was a long time before I even had news of him. At first I used to picture our meeting somewhere on a dusty road and my crying out, "Vive l'America" in the kind of French we used to practice when we rode together in the park, and then, when he came over to see who it was, I'd turn and laugh and say, "Don't you know me, Dick? It's Mary Anne!" (*Slight pause.*) Once I dreamed of finding him wounded out there in No Man's Land, and of bending over him, saying words of comfort and love——

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Startled*) "Love," Mary Anne?

MARY ANNE. (*Bravely*) Yes, Auntie, for I *did* love Dick Stanhope with all my heart. I knew it

after he'd gone away that day at the farewell dance. And even though he doesn't care for me, has never cared——

MRS. KIRKLAND. But how do you know he has never cared?

MARY ANNE. A letter finally reached me from him after months of waiting. I couldn't have endured the humiliation of that letter—if my life hadn't been so full of the sufferings of others just then, that it gave me small time to think about myself.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Why, what on earth could he have said to you?

MARY ANNE. He wrote he was very sorry our little game had turned out so unfortunately for me. (MRS. KIRKLAND *makes gesture of doubt.*) Yes—he did, Auntie. You see, he must have guessed that I had grown to think too much of him, and when he didn't—— (*Buries her face in her hands.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. But such a letter doesn't seem like Dick at all, not the boy I knew so well. I can't understand it. One thing is certain, it must not be allowed to spoil your home-coming *now*.

MARY ANNE. (*Looks up, bravely*) It won't—it shan't. I've only this to say, Auntie: I couldn't be friends with Dick again, and if he ever comes here, I don't want to talk with him, or even see him. I—I couldn't bear it.

(CHARLIE MASON *enters* L.I. *He is now very military and very masterful. He crosses with a firm step direct to* MRS. KIRKLAND.)

MASON. Hello, Mrs. Kirkland!

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Rising*) Why, hello, Charlie!

MARY ANNE. Lieutenant Mason, now, Auntie.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Good gracious, what a responsibility!

MASON. Well, some men just *have* to be leaders.

(The crowd outside R. in dining room begin to sing the song with which they enter in a moment. They form a line, hands on each other's shoulders, in the position they retain on entering. Tune, "John Brown's Body.")

MARY ANNE. Why, what's that?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Goodness, I'd almost forgotten!

CROWD. *(Lively, march tempo)*

We come to welcome Mary Anne from far
across the sea.

She traveled over there to give us chocolates
and tea,

And now we're just as happy as we possibly
can be,

For Mary Anne is home!

(They enter R. in line, each with the left hand on shoulder of the one in front and keeping time with the feet.)

Glory, glory, Ukulele,
Glory, glory, Ukulele,
Glory, glory, Ukulele,
For Mary Anne is home!

(This chorus carries them once around MARY ANNE, who stands amazed at first and then ad libs. names of the various ones. They smile and wave their hands to her. She is in the center and utters little "Oh!" and other ejaculations of surprise and joy. At the end of the song they break into a yell and crowd around MARY

ANNE. *When the yell and break come, she clasps PATTY in her arms and the others crowd toward them, EDGAR and ANNABELLE included. MRS. SIMMONDS enters R. with large floral doughnut. TEDDY gets it.)*

MARY ANNE. Oh!—oh!—Patty! Billy! Elaine! Teddy!—— *(Then comes the yell and rush to her.)*

OMNES. Welcome, Marion! Welcome home again! Etc.

MARY ANNE. Oh, you dear, dear, sweet friends, every one of you!

TEDDY. *(Bearing the floral offering. He is very oratorical)* Gangway! Gangway! Allow me, on behalf of these few members of the old 79th and others, to present the little doughnut girl with a floral doughnut, in appreciation of the many doughnuts we received at your hands and those of your lovely sisters in France. *(Cheers.)* Said doughnuts coming, as they did, at a time when we did not have the dough to buy a nut of any kind. *(Big laugh, cheer, etc. TEDDY is C. to MARY ANNE.)*

EDGAR. The nut is mixing his doughnuts.

TEDDY. With our love and the love of every boy who went to France. *(He hands her the floral piece.)*

CROWD. Hear! Hear!

MARY ANNE. Oh, it's just too sweet for words!

THE CROWD. Speech! Speech! *(Cries of "Yes—speech!" etc.)*

MARY ANNE. I can't make a speech; my heart is too full—— *(Her mother comes down.)* Mumsey, isn't it beautiful? *(Showing her emblem, weeping, goes to mother. MASON works over to L.)*

MRS. SIMMONDS. Goodness, child, I'm so choked up I can't say a word. *(She takes floral piece.)*

I'll put it on the mantel where everyone can see it.
(*Goes up c.*)

MARY ANNE. (*To MRS. KIRKLAND*) Auntie, why didn't you tell me?

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*To MARY and up to MRS. SIMMONDS*) And spoil the surprise?

MARY ANNE. (*To PATTY*) Patty, you dear. I want to congratulate you and Teddy. (*TEDDY is now R. with PATTY. MARY ANNE gives each a hand.*) I'm just as pleased as I can be.

TEDDY. (*Points to PATTY*) Congratulate her, Marion. She had a hard struggle to land me.

(*MARY ANNE laughs and goes over to BILLY and ELAINE, who are together.*)

MARY ANNE. And Billy and Elaine! I'm so glad you came here together. I knew you were in France, Billy. You were billeted within a quarter of a mile of "Old Sal" once, but I did not find it out until after you had gone.

BILLY. If I had only known about you, Mary Anne, I'd have risked being shot at sunrise just to shake hands with you.

(*MARY ANNE laughs and pauses, looking at ELAINE. There is a moment's hesitation and then both girls fling themselves into each other's arms and kiss.*)

TEDDY. Hear, hear!

(*All laugh. MARY ANNE moves a little up to TREL-LA and LLOYD.*)

MARY ANNE. I saw you when I got off the boat.

I felt then as if I wanted to kiss every one of you.

LLOYD. (*Shouts*) Do it now.

TEDDY. (*With oratorical enthusiasm*) Obey that impulse. (*All laugh as MARY ANNE kisses TRELLA and pecks at LLOYD's cheek.*)

EDGAR. *Repetez vous, Mademoiselle.* (*The others crowd around her. MISS SLISSY comes down.*)

MISS SLISSY. Well, Mary Anne——

MARY ANNE. (*Runs to MISS SLISSY, down R. and to BETSY, who has been in background with MISS SLISSY*) Miss Slissy! And Betsy! It isn't complete without you.

MISS SLISSY. Thanks, Mary Anne. I will say I've done my best to keep your mother cheered up.

BETSY. The hired man's quite well, thank you.

MRS. KIRKLAND. It's wonderful to have all you boys home again. You've done so much for us. Your country will remember you for a long, long time.

TEDDY. That's right. They remembered my grandfather for sixty years. He had a civil war claim that was settled week before last.

MRS. SIMMONDS. Well, supper's ready if you'll go in and have chairs. Betsy and I will do our best to wait on you. (*To SLISSY.*) It's all spread out on the dining-room table, Sairey, and if you'd care to help out some——

MISS SLISSY. I'm just the one to call on. Goodness knows I've had enough experience at church fairs and one thing or another. (*She follows MRS. SIMMONDS and BETSY out R.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. And put the floral-piece in the middle of the table.

TEDDY. Let me bear it hence.

BILLY. No, let me.

EDGAR. My strong right arm is rusting from disuse. (*All struggle for possession of floral piece.*)

TEDDY. (*Wins out and holds floral-piece high.*) I am master of ceremonies and custodian of the dough-nut.

MARY ANNE. Be careful of it, boys. (*ELAINE near window L. signals to DICK outside.*)

LLOYD. I brought it down from New York.

(*PATTY and TRELLA makes signs to ELAINE, who comes to MARY ANNE. The boys are moving to R. with floral-piece ad libing badinage.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. Come, everyone. (*She exits R. the boys following. PATTY and TRELLA go R., ELAINE detains MARY ANNE.*)

ELAINE. (C.) We'll be there in a moment.

PATTY. Don't be long. (*MARY ANNE looks at ELAINE curiously.*)

ELAINE. We won't be. (*PATTY makes a sign to ELAINE that someone is outside L. ELAINE gets this and the girls exit R. After they are off, ELAINE speaks.*) Marion, I want to tell you how surprised—how overwhelmed I was when I learned the truth, and when I'd been so hateful to you always——

MARY ANNE. The truth?

ELAINE. About my father's rescue from losing every dollar he possessed. I thought at the time it was Billy's father who was helping him, but I afterwards found out it was your aunt—and that she had done it because you had asked her to—for my sake. I can never thank you enough. I've been so sorry and ashamed. Billy knows I have. (*She bows her head.*)

MARY ANNE. Don't speak of that, Elaine. Everything is all right with you and Billy now. You're going to be happy. And I'm so glad for both of you!

ELAINE. (*As she and MARION go toward dining-room together*) And our wish, Marion—Billy's

and mine—is to see you happy also. And—we believe you're going to be.

(They exit together at right. Immediately MRS. KIRKLAND. enters at R. and crosses agitatedly toward window, then down to door L. expectantly. Enter DICK L.)

DICK. Hello, Aunty Kirk!

MRS. KIRKLAND. I thought that was your car I saw turning into the road, Dickie Stanhope.

DICK. I surprised you, didn't I?

MRS. KIRKLAND. *(Embarrassed)* Well, yes, you did. Mary Anne has company and——

DICK. *(Eagerly)* She's here?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Yes.

DICK. Good! Which way do I go to find her?

MRS. KIRKLAND. *(In pretended surprise)* Oh, do you want to see her?

DICK. Do I want to see her? I should say I do, and pick a bone with her for not answering my letters. I tried to get to her in France—but you know how things were there, not a chance in a thousand. Where is she? *(Starts towards dining-room.)*

MRS. KIRKLAND. *(Coming between)* I'm sorry, Dick, but I'm afraid you can't see Mary Anne today.

DICK. You mean she's ill?

MRS. KIRKLAND. *(Slowly)* No, I mean I don't think she cares to see you.

DICK. *(Horried)* Aunty Kirk! But why shouldn't she? What have I done?

MRS. KIRKLAND. You wrote her a letter that hurt her terribly.

DICK. *(Downcast)* Then my letter was the cause of her break with Billy?

MRS. KIRKLAND. No, of course not. She broke with Billy before you left for France.

DICK. Then how could my letter have hurt her so much?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Because of the insinuation it carried. You said you were sorry you had ever played that game together.

DICK. (*Impatient*) No, not that letter. I wrote that one in France.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Well, that's the only one she ever received.

DICK. What? Why, no! I wrote first from Canada—a long letter—before we sailed. In it I told Mary Anne that I loved her. I thought that letter had fallen into Billy's hands and was the cause of the quarrel between them. So I wrote, then, I was sorry——

MRS. KIRKLAND. You wrote Mary Anne first from Canada? Where did you send that letter?

DICK. Here.

MRS. KIRKLAND. Wait a minute. (*She goes to door R. and looks out, beckons to her sister.*) Amanda! Come here a minute. (*Returns to DICK.*) I'm almost sure she never received that Canada letter. (*MRS. SIMMONDS enters R. BETSY enters after her.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*To BETSY, pointing L.*) Now, Betsy, it's right there in the cabinet—— (*Sees DICK. MRS. SIMMONDS goes C.*) Oh, how do you do Mr. Stanhope? I'm right glad to see you. (*BETSY looks for cake-knife in cabinet L.*)

DICK. How do you do, Mrs. Simmonds?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Amanda! (*BETSY works over L.*) Do you remember Mary Anne's receiving a letter from Mr. Stanhope before she went to France?

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*Shaking her head*) Not that she ever told me. I believe she'd have told me if

she did. (*To DICK.*) Did you write her one? (*DICK nods.*) And addressed it——

DICK. Marion Simmonds, Farmdale—yes. (*To MRS. KIRKLAND.*) I remember the letter well. It was written on hotel stationery from Quebec. It was a patent sort of an affair like a post card. Had a picture of the hotel and a waterfall on it.

MRS. SIMMONDS. No, I don't think she——

BETSY. (*Coming c.*) I got *that* letter.

MRS. KIRKLAND. You!

BETSY. I thought it was an advertisement with printin' on the inside. It's in the tobacco jar on the mantel. (*MRS. KIRKLAND goes to tobacco jar.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. What in the world did you put it there for?

BETSY. Well, you told me to.

(*MRS. KIRKLAND gets letter and brings it to DICK.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. I did? (*To BETSY.*) What do you mean. I "told" you to?

BETSY. I came to you and said, here's an advertisement letter for Mary Anne, shall I give it to her? And you said "Certainly not, stick it in Mr. Simmonds' old tobacco-jar on the mantel shelf. What does anybody want with a letter?"

MRS. SIMMONDS. Land sakes, I can't say a thing to that girl that she doesn't take me literal. (*Crosses R. and BETSY moves above table R.*)

DICK. That's it all right. (*Hands letter back to MRS. KIRKLAND.*)

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*To DICK*) And you said in that letter—all you've told me?

DICK. More.

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Takes DICK down stage*) Then you clear out. Hide around the corner of the porch. I'll send for Marion. Betsy, you slip in and

tell Marion quietly that I have some news for her and want to see her at once. Don't mention Mr. Stanhope nor say anything else.

BETSY. No'm!

MRS. KIRKLAND. And don't come back.

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*To MRS. KIRKLAND*) Don't say that or she'll stay away forever. (*To BETSY.*) She means right away. (*Pushing BETSY off R.*)

BETSY. Yes'sum. (*Exits R.*)

DICK. (*Going L.*) If there's no hope for me after she's read that letter, Auntie Kirk, step to the window and give me the tip. I'll climb the hedge and vanish.

MRS. KIRKLAND. You'd better not vanish too soon.

DICK. (*Confidential manner*) I'll be right at the corner—by the rain-water barrel. (*Exits L.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. Land! I wonder if he knows about Betsy?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Perhaps Mary Anne should have given him that treatment long ago. (*She laughs.*)

MRS. SIMMONDS. (*To c.*) Don't talk foolishness!

MRS. KIRKLAND. Amanda, when Mary Anne comes down try to look as though nothing had happened.

MRS. SIMMONDS. I'll go back to the young folks in the dining-room, I don't know a thing. (*Exits R. Outside R. she meets MARY ANNE.*) Go on in the sitting-room, child. Your auntie wants to talk to you. (*MARY ANNE enters R.*)

MARY ANNE. What is it, Auntie?

WARN *Curtain. Ready Chorus.*

MRS. KIRKLAND. (*Handing MARY ANNE the letter.*) Postmarked Quebec, Can., September 28th, 1917.

MARY ANNE. (*Recognizes hand-writing*) A letter from Dick—to me?

MRS. KIRKLAND. Betsy thought it was a post-card and stuck it in the tobacco-jar, and there it's been ever since.

MARY ANNE. No?

(*She sits L. of table R. reading the letter. MRS. KIRKLAND steals out of door R. MARY ANNE'S face brightens as she proceeds. DICK enters L. and watches her. She, delighted with the letter, gives an ecstatic exclamation without knowing he is there.*)

MARY ANNE. (*Looking at letter, dreamily*) Dick!

DICK. (*Hearing his name, speaks quietly from across the room*) Yes?

MARY ANNE. (*Slowly rises and turns toward him. Speaks in half whisper*) It's a dream. You're not real.

DICK. I'm the realest boy that ever came back from the trenches. (*Involuntarily she attempts to conceal letter behind her.*) Yes, I know. I was here in the room when Auntie Kirk found that tardy letter. You believe what I said in it?

MARY ANNE. (*Afraid to accept her happiness*) It was written a long time ago, Dick. You must have changed since then.

DICK. Is that just your way of letting me know you have changed towards me—that you cannot forgive that other stupid letter? (*MARY ANNE does not answer.*) Mary Anne, has it all gone by forever?

MARY ANNE. (*Earnestly*) Hasn't it?

DICK. Not with me: There's nothing I wouldn't do to bring the old days back. Why do you look away from me? What are you thinking of, Mary Anne?

MARY ANNE. (*Softly*) Shall I tell you?

DICK. Please.

MARY ANNE. Well, then, I'm thinking of a little secret poem I used to repeat when I first went to France, looking up at the stars, at night wondering where you were.

DICK. What poem was that?

MARY ANNE. A poem in three words. (*Softly, looking up as at the stars.*) *Je vous aime*, Dick. *Je vous aime, Je vous aime!* (*I love you, Dick, I love you, I love you.*)

RING.

DICK. (*Wild with joy*) Mary Anne, *Je vous adore!* (*Embrace. Crowd off sings, "Glory, glory, ukulele," etc.*)

CURTAIN

MUSIC CUES

ACT II

DANCE MUSIC CUES FOR BALL-ROOM MUSIC OFF L.

No. 1.

At rise, play first strain only, the last sixteen bars heard off L.

No. 2.

Music off L.

WARN on ELAINE'S entrance.

PLAY on "—about half-past six."

STOP on "—doesn't even know how to dress."

Applause off L.

No. 3.

READY on MARY ANNE'S entrance.

PLAY on "Mr. Teddy Farnum, our Teddy-Bear."

STOP on "—sultry day for June."

"Will you take me in?" Applause off L.

CONTINUES on "Oh! Teddy, you think you will have to."

STOP on "A hors de Combat. Oh, a fight."

No. 4.

READY on "I forgot your fan."

PLAY on "What was it you were saying?"

STOP on "Runs a tea-shop by day."

No. 5.

READY on "Punch, punch, who'll have punch?"

PLAY on "Just because you brought her to the party."

STOP on CURTAIN.

DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors will answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also, the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experienced amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production. Price, 30 Cents.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touchdown," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual character types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the adventures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with the family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting the family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the wholesome story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 30 Cents.

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult while thoroughly pleasing.

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The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title.

Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

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